Vol. CXXXII. No. 1716.

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THE BYSTANDER, NOVEMBER 4, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

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Mr. Stephens picked up the booklet casually one evening and was soon interested, too. The Industrial and Commercial Pavilions, with their square miles of absorbing exhibits; the Palace of Discovery, where the latest discoveries in Science are to be shown. . . . And being a practical business man, Mr. Stephens was pleased to learn that a visit to the Paris Exhibition (May to November, 1937) would cost no more than an ordinary holiday, thanks to the specially reduced fares, the favourable exchange rate and other travel facilities. . . .

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The Bystander, November 4, 1936 No. 1716. Vol. CXXXII.

The Bystander

John Everard

"Penny for the Guy, Sir?"

Cannons of Hollywood

Wyndham Goldie and Margaret Rawlings—Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea

The late Elsie Schauffler's play, *Parnell*, which starts its first public run in this country at the New Theatre to-night, has had a curious career. Last winter Guthrie McClintic produced it in New York, where it had a great success, and Margaret Rawlings came back to England to continue her part as Katie O'Shea in Norman Marshall's Gate Theatre production (April 23). It repeated its success here, but the Lord Chamberlain refused a public licence on representations from the O'Shea family; Captain Gerard O'Shea wrote to the *Daily Telegraph* saying that in it his father had been "lyingly portrayed as a blackguard and blackmailer." Since that some alterations have been made and the ban was lifted last month. Meanwhile, Captain O'Shea has gone to Hollywood to act as adviser in the film version (Joan Crawford plays Katie O'Shea). The three most important people of *Parnell* are the same as at the Gate Theatre—Norman Marshall produces, Wyndham Goldie is in the name-part, and Margaret Rawlings as Katie O'Shea, acts one of the finest parts of her career

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Swinton-Nuffield affair has ended, so far, in a general exchange of posies. Everyone loves everyone else and the whole place is perfectly beautiful. The now-famous " chain " of shadow factories is to be duplicated and reduplicated, and the Air Ministry has expressed its regret at any apparent discourtesy to the redoubtable motor engineer. Nevertheless, there is a queer feeling left behind by the whole episode. There is a very distinct public uneasiness. Smoke of such sudden and such thick density must have been caused by a fire. And the public does know one thing for certain. Lord Nuffield has made an unparalleled success in this country at his job of motor engineering. If, therefore, he expresses strong opinions on the subject of motor engineering, the public has a vague, instinctive feeling that he may be right. And if he is right, what is Lord Swinton ?

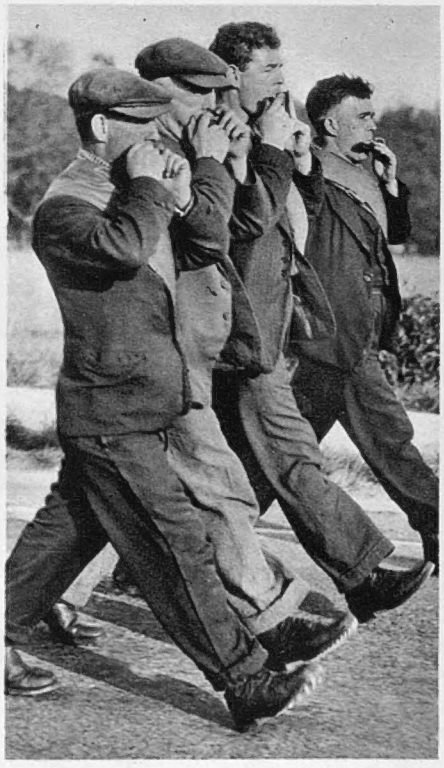
SO Mr. Elliot has retreated gracefully from his desperate forward post. No politician of recent years advanced so bravely and employed so many gallant devices for maintaining his advance as the late Minister of Agriculture. He was incredibly fertile in expedients and dodges. Marketing boards, quotas, tariffs, pools, restrictions, Mr. Elliot trotted them all out one by one, or in pairs, or in groups. But the struggle was frantically difficult, for it was nothing less than an attempt to raise food prices for the benefit of the farmer and at the same time to keep them down for the benefit of the consumer (who is also a voter). Now Mr. Elliot retires to the Secretaryship of State for his native country, leaving another Scotsman to grapple with Agriculture. Mr. Morrison is a comparative newcomer to the lime-light, but he is said to be an able man.

THE focal point of European intrigue and diplomatic manœuvre shifts with bewildering speed. At the moment it is unquestionably Jugo-Slavia. Berlin and Rome vie with each other in pouring compliments into Belgrade, and, what is even more important than compliments, handing in nice little commercial agreements. The other two members of the Little Entente are, in consequence, doing their best to be extra civil to their suddenly popular partner, and so the Jugo-Slavs are sitting pretty. They had better make hay while the hay-making is good. The favour of Dictators does not always last.

THE Rexists are the latest manifestation of political turmoil in this unhappy Continent. Rexism stands, at the moment, about two-thirds of the way towards Fascism. The State will be run by Corporations but the Budget will still be voted by Parliament ; military alliances will be made, but only with Holland and Switzerland ; there is to be no recourse to violence. It will be interesting to see whether M. Degrelle, the young leader, will be able to remain on this moderate platform. If he does it will be a record in the annals of revolution. From time immemorial all revolutionaries have been driven to extremes, however moderately they may have started.

National Labour Conference

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Lord President of the Council, spoke at the National Labour Party conference last week. He is president of the National Labour Committee



Jarrow Band

The Jarrow marchers were led on their long road to London by a mouth-organ band who played them along in brave style. They were photographed somewhere between Bedford and Luton, were due to reach London on Saturday, and have planned to present their petition to the House of Commons to-day

MEANWHILE King Leopold's speech about Belgian isolation is having almost instantaneous effect in France. Already the military experts are examining the strategical lie of the land along the Belgian frontier with a view to the immediate extension of the Maginot defence-line. Military strategy never alters throughout the ages, and the main attack on France from the east must always come through the Low Countries.

A TRADE boom is setting in with its usual severity in the United States. Heavy industry, raw materials, and luxury trades are all reporting huge increases of demand and Wall Street is humming. That mercurial race can never do anything by halves. If things are bad they sit down and weep or throw themselves out of windows. If things look up, they scream with almost hysterical excitement. American trade must either be sunk in the greatest depression on record, or must be enjoying the greatest prosperity on record. There is nothing in between.

MR. L. S. AMERY has made an interesting plea for the use of tear-gas for the dispersal of rioting mobs, especially in India. The responsibility of giving the order to troops to open fire on a mob is more than an individual officer ought to be asked to bear ; nor is it fair to ask police to face bottles, brickbats, jagged metal, and knuckle-dusters, armed only with sticks. Tear-gas, the middle course between the two, has long been used in the United States with great effect by the police, particularly in such ugly affairs as the waterfront strike in San Francisco. It makes the rioters feel extremely foolish and does not seem to have permanent ill-effects.

A GREAT deal of controversy has been aroused by the march to London of the Jarrow workers. Eminent citizens have condemned it as a futile piece of agitation and publicity hunting ; eminent citizens have praised it as a useful way of bringing Jarrow's plight before the country. Both condemnation and praise are entirely beside the point. The only thing that matters is that it is the constitutional right of the people of this free, democratic country to present petitions to Parliament. If they choose to come to St. Stephen's on foot, that is entirely their own affair. But they have the right to come, and let us fight like tigers for our constitutional rights whenever and wherever they are assailed, lest we lose them all and find ourselves dragooned by gentlemen dressed like musical comedy chauffeurs.

WHAT is probably the oldest inn-sign in England is on view this week at the Bond Street exhibition of signs. It is the lovely Swan from the Suffolk village of Clare and, whether it is the

oldest or not, it certainly dates from the fifteenth century. It will be interesting to see if the exhibition will have any influence on those huge brewery companies who have done away with signs and substituted dismal standardised trade-marks. It is always a thrill to get out of a trade-mark area into an area where the brewers have preserved and encouraged the picturesque old tradition. For instance, in the south country, in Sussex and parts of Hampshire, the signs of Messrs. Henty and Constable are a joy to the eye. Incidentally, Clare, the small village of the Swan, gave its name to Clare College, Cambridge, Clare County, Ireland, the Duke of Clarence, and the Clarenceux King-at-Arms.

So A. P. F. Chapman has finally and irrevocably retired from first-class cricket. It is desperately sad news. He was one of the few real personalities of the post-war game. I shall never forget the stand with which he and Arthur Carr replaced amateur batting on the map in 1922 in the Gentlemen and Players match at Lord's. The amateurs had not fully recovered from the war years up till that day, but on that memorable afternoon those two hit the professors all over the field. Macaulay, in those days a fastish bowler, had four men in the deep, and still they hit him. Carr made 88 and Chapman 160. But even greater than his batting was his superb fielding. He who has not seen Chapman fielding in the gully to fast bowling has missed a miracle of speed and skill.

It is said of Admiral Beatty that when he saw the air at Jutland full of bits of British battle-cruisers, he observed: "There seems to be something wrong with our ships to-day." The same might well be said of the M.C.C. team in Australia. Every morning brings news of fresh casualties. Is it just pure chance, or is the modern cricketer so overtrained that he has become brittle?

I mentioned last week that one of the most remarkable sights in modern games is a squash rackets match between Amr Bey, the amateur and open champion, and Dear, the professional champion. I see now that they are matched to play for the open championship, Dear challenging, Amr Bey defending. The first part of the match is on November 16th at the R.A.C.; the second on November 23rd at the Bath Club. As Dear has improved a good deal since his unsuccessful challenge last year, it ought to be a very close affair and will certainly be spectacular.

Six Thousand Miles

Mrs. Euan Wallace met her husband at Croydon when he got back from his rapid 6000-miles journey to and from Johannesburg. Captain Wallace is Secretary to the Overseas Trade Department and went officially to the Johannesburg Exhibition; he had to fly there and back to be in Parliament on Thursday

No fishermen in the world would have ever attempted to come near the boasts of the shooting gentlemen in the correspondence columns of the *Times*. The stories cap each other in almost giddy sequence. At first they were content with a modest dozen or so partridges with one shot. The latest is three elephants with a rook-rifle. I wonder if I can persuade Mr. Wyndham Lewis to tell us how he bagged those seven whales with an air-gun in the late 'eighties?

Quite an appreciable amount of extra duty has fallen upon the Metropolitan police owing to the presence in London of Miss Dietrich. What will happen if the entire galaxy of film stars roll up from Hollywood for the Coronation? They have all applied for leave of absence from their studios, and if only a score of them arrive they will need protection against the kidnap boys who will probably come over for the Coronation too. What with foreign potentates and statesmen and Indian maharajas, the police are going to have a busy time, quite apart from the marshalling of the crowds.

John Gilbert was, a few years ago, the idol of millions of filmgoers. He was an immensely popular figure in Los Angeles. He was one of the Kings of Hollywood. Nine months ago he died, and last week his ashes were moved from a temporary burial-place to a permanent. His executor was the sole mourner.

A Grandson for Winston Churchill

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Sandys' son and heir Julian is a month or two old. He is Mr. Winston Churchill's first grandchild; his mother is Mr. Churchill's eldest daughter; his father has been M.P. for Norwood since 1935

A Godson for Gerald Brockhurst

Mr. Gerald Brockhurst, the portrait painter, was godfather to Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Bellenger's son at his christening in the Crypt of the House of Commons. Mr. Bellenger is Labour member for Bassetlaw; he defeated Malcolm MacDonald there in the last election

Cannons of Hollywood

Viscountess Knollys — Organiser of a Firework Party

Lady Knollys is organiser-in-chief of the Giant Firework Party on Guy Fawkes' Day at the White City—an explosive and amusing way of trying to pick a charity pocket, as it is in aid of the Mount Vernon Hospital for Cancer. Lady Knollys is the only daughter of Sir Stuart and Lady Coats, was married in 1928, and has a daughter of seven and a son of five. Her husband, the second Viscount, is managing director of an insurance company; he succeeded his father, who was Private Secretary to King Edward VII. and to King George for three years, in 1924. He and Lady Knollys have a house in Spaniards Road, Hampstead

Mrs. Anthony Eden is Sculpted

Felix Weiss, fashionable sculptor of the moment, has done a head of Mrs. Anthony Eden. He and she and it were photographed in his Fulham Road Studio

"In Search of Beauty"

Lady Marguerite Strickland and Miss Rosemary Potter (whose pill-box hat had a fox-tail on the side of it) went to the private view of Peter North's exhibition of photographs, which he calls "In Search of Beauty"

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

It Might be as Well!

WHY, we wonder, are teetotallers so self-conscious about their non-drinking habits? Very few of them, when offered a cocktail, are content to say "No, thank you," without adding rather pompously, "I don't drink."

When a well-known teetotaller has been guilty of some outlandish behaviour, such as throwing things at a fellow-guest at a party, to which he or she has not even been asked, it might be as well to pretend that one *had* had a drink, instead of shocking everyone by an hysterical outburst of bad manners and jealousy!

A Yodelling Party

MANY of our Swiss and Austrian friends will be at the Winter Sports party which takes place on the 16th of this month at 16, Bruton Street. It is certain to be an enormous success if only for economic reasons. Think of champagne, beer, buffet refreshments, a very good band, cabaret and yodelling, all for one guinea, plus the comforting permission to wear a black tie.

The Swiss Minister and Mme. Paravicini have already bought tickets; Lady Margaret Drummond Hay and Lady Jean Mackintosh are taking parties, and among their guests will be Colonel and Mrs. McGrath (Rosita Forbes), Miss G. Kingham, Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor, and Lieut. G. de Chair, R.N.

Last-Minute Dash

NEVER have we seen a more ermine-coated audience than at the premiere of *The Three Maxims*, at the Leicester Square Theatre.

Notable wraps were worn by Anna Neagle, the heroine of the evening, Lady (Adrian) Baillie, and Lady Moira Combe.

In view of its great popularity, will there be enough ermine left over for the peeresses at the Coronation?

Tullio Carminati, the popular Italian star, gave his fans a treat by being present, and left by car for Southampton immediately after. He sailed in the small hours of the morning in the Queen Mary, for a short stay in New York.

Lack of Organisation

THE extraordinary thing about some very good dress shops is their maddening lack of organisation and casual treatment of the worth-while customers.

A friend of ours who spends between £2000 and £3000 a year on clothes, entered a shop in Sloane Street the other day and enquired about a dress in the window.

The assistant who appeared said she could not show it, "as Madame was engaged, but would Madame (client this time) go for a walk for an hour and come back"!

In a shop off Berkeley Square, an ex-debutante heiress was told that there were no mannequins in that day, and the only vendeuse was too busy to show her anything; could she call to-morrow? And a young peeress who spends the earth on her wardrobe was kept waiting one hour for a fitting, because the previous client was late. They offered her a cup of tea and an out-of-date periodical to keep her amused.

The Whole Collection

AT the Dorchester last Tuesday night, the cabaret audience had an added thrill at supper-time in the arrival of Marlene, "Young Doug.", Mr. Korda, and Sir Edgar Horne, who came on from the first-night at the St. Martin's Theatre, and occupied a ringside table.

The Dietrich looked as beautiful as ever in a long, slim dress and wide-sleeved coatee of white satin. By the way, do you all know that she has bought practically the entire collection of a comparatively new man designer in Bruton Street? She sent round to him for a coat one day, and when he sent all his most expensive fur-trimmed models to her hotel, she kept the lot!

A Soft-Voiced American

AT the next table to all the cinema glamour that night were pretty Mrs. Yvonne Macdonald of the grey hair, Count Haugwitz-Reventlow, brother-in-law of Countess Barbara, and Major and Mrs. Rex Benson. (She is a charming, soft-voiced American, with a very English schoolgirl complexion, and her Christian name is Leslie.) They were the guests of Mr. Carl Bendix, who entertains a great deal in the hotel which he calls home.

At another table we noticed Lady Headfort, wearing her usual jewelled headband, Lady Massereene and Ferrard, and Miss Marie Tempest, who is the youngest-looking seventy-year-old plus dignity we have ever seen, Prince Arthur of Connaught, and Lord FitzWilliam.

Others who caught our eye were the very tall Mr. Stanley Clarke, dancing with his lovely Titian-haired little wife, and Mme. Stathatos, who, in black lace with bouffant sleeves, was the best-dressed woman in the room.

Recaptured and Returned

WE looked in on Wednesday to the very small private view held by the

nd Their Own Photographs

The Hon. Louise Fermor-Hesketh, Lady Revelstoke, and Miss Anne Baxendale were also at the Peter North private view. Miss Fermor - Hesketh and Lady Revelstoke are sisters, daughters of Lord Hesketh who was made a peer last year

Supper Party

Miss Diana Bethell, Lady Curzon, Major Combe, and Lord Curzon went out in a party one night last week. Lady Curzon was Patricia Weigall and married Earl Howe's only son last year

Falcke Art Association in Duke Street, to see an interesting exhibition of primitive pictures and historic silver, the property of the Duke of St. Albans, and the lovely mediæval stained glass windows that were the object of a romantic adventure last year. They belonged to young Lord Cadogan and were auctioned in a sale for £4 by mistake, recaptured and returned to their rightful owner (for very much more), and are now valued at something like £20,000!

The Party Went On

When Lady Headfort and Miss Constance Collier got together and decided to ask their friends to Oddenino's last Thursday night to dine and dance and meet Miss Marlene Dietrich, the rest of the world sighed and longed to be there.

Around noon placards announced the indisposition of Miss Dietrich, but the party went on and, apart from the disappointing absence of the most glamorous (it's the right word) personality of the moment, was a roaring success.

The rooms at this old but newly-decorated restaurant lent themselves with grace to such a party.

How can we tell you, drooping with sleep at 4 a.m., whom we saw there?

We remember Lord and Lady Churston, one of the most charming and genuinely happily married couples in Mayfair; Sir John and Lady Milbanke, she in brown velvet as a compliment to her gentle "marron glace" eyes; Captain "Con" and Lady Morvyth Benson; Lord and Lady Drogheda; Herbert Marshall and Edna Best definitely together; the Milford Havens, and everyone else you can think of who makes a party a success, as this most certainly and irrevocably was.

Good Cause

One of the best and most moving appeal speeches we have ever heard was Lady Violet Bonham-Carter's at a meeting at the Astors' huge Carlton House Terrace house last week. If anyone had gone round with a hat when she'd finished, there wouldn't have been a penny left in the pockets of her listeners (and when we say "penny" we mean pounds and half-crowns). She was speaking for the Great Ormonde Street Hospital for Sick Children—or rather, for the Merry Market in aid of its rebuilding fund. The Market is at the Royal Horticultural Hall on November 18th and 19th, and as Lady Thomas (Sir Godfrey Thomas's wife) said in her short, efficient speech, "no bazaar rubbish"! It really will be a good Christmas shopping place, with vastly distinguished saleswomen, and a dinner-dance each evening, run by Lady Curzon.

MISS PEEPS

Wedding Guests

Lord and Lady Feversham (left) were guests at the Sykes-Russell wedding in Yorkshire. Above are Lord Middleton, a cousin of the bride, from whose house she was married, and his younger son, Christopher Willoughby, who was one of the pages

Weddings of the Week

Viscount Maitland and Miss Helena Perrott

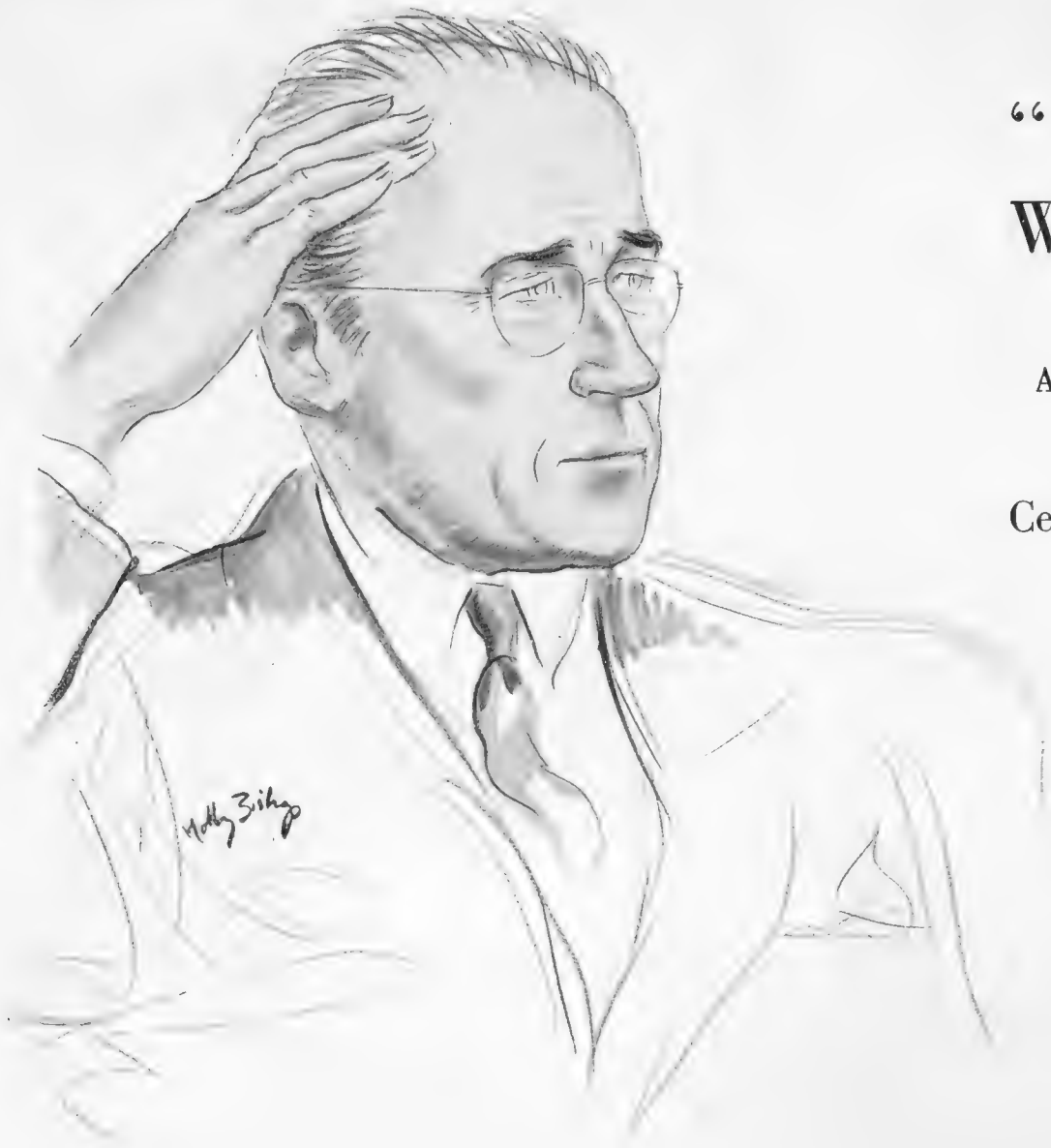
The Duchess of Gloucester sent a wedding present (two silver pepper-pots) to Lord Maitland and Helena Ruth Perrott, who were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Lord Maitland is the only son of the Earl and Countess of Lauderdale; Miss Perrott is the younger daughter of the late Colonel Sir Herbert Perrott and Lady Perrott, of 44, Queen's Gate, S.W., and Withypool Grange, Somerset.

Another St. Margaret's wedding was between Humphrey Sykes, 9th Lancers, second son of Major and the Hon. Mrs. H. R. Sykes, of Lydham Manor, Shropshire, and Grizel Sophie MacEwen, elder daughter of Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. N. D. K. MacEwen. Mr. Sykes is a grandson, through his mother, of the late Lord Massereene

Christopher Sykes looked very cheerful after his marriage to Camilla Russell, Russell Pasha and Mrs. Russell's only daughter. He is the second son of the late Sir Mark Sykes and Lady Sykes, of Sledmere, and brother of the present baronet, Sir Richard Sykes. The wedding was in the private chapel at Sledmere, and they are honeymooning in Lord Grimthorpe's Ravello villa

Mr. Humphrey Sykes and Miss Grizel MacEwen

Mr. Christopher Sykes and Miss Camilla Russell



"After You, Who . . . ?"

A New "Bystander" Series of Celebrities in Cameo

No. 45

Dr. William Howard Hay

In view of the fashionable craze for the Hay diet, it would be a highly excusable error to imagine that its originator, Dr. William Howard Hay, was a sophisticated, cynical, smart-aleck physician from New York. Nothing is further from the truth. Dr. Hay is a charming, unspoilt old gentleman of seventy summers who has spent almost his entire life among the agricultural community of Pennsylvania. His own father was an Irish farmer. He himself used to walk nineteen miles a day on his rounds like any other country practitioner. He was forty-one when he had a physical breakdown and professionally gave himself up. (He had Bright's disease.) But an almost complete abstention from food, taking the form of one slight dish of vegetables a day instead of three normal meals, brought him relief. A convalescent period ensued, and in a comparatively short time he was as fit as ever again.

His famous diet is based, he will tell you, on a theory promulgated two hundred years ago by an English doctor and scientifically developed since then. The real birth of the Hay diet was in 1925, when he delivered an address to the Pennsylvania Health Club. Three years later a pamphlet developing this thesis was issued. When he left America the other day, he was credited with a following of four million people. It has been said that the whole of the medical profession is against him over there. His answer is that almost as many doctors now take his part as oppose him, and it is established that even his bitterest enemies admit that "there is a greal deal in what he says." His scoffers claim that he has reduced his theories to absurdity by compelling himself to disapprove of so staple a diet as fish and chips. By contrast, many thousands of people on both sides of the Atlantic are unquestionably benefiting by his advice on selective eating. One can say without any fear of contradiction that he is at the moment the third most interesting personality in the country. Meantime it is Dr. Hay's contention that English chefs do not sufficiently stress either vegetables or salads, and that we eat more meat, potatoes, sugar and bread than we should. Oh, and Yorkshire pudding. His own favourite vegetable is a tomato. His favourite fruit is a pear, and he is not enthusiastic about English beer, which he finds warm and flat.

Despite the great fuss made about him, Dr. Hay remains completely unspoilt and naïve. He is quite uncommercial —refusing consultations from the rich, and giving free advice to the poor; and refusing to associate his name with any patent foods and other get-rich-quick exploitations. He has a sense of humour; tells jokes against his own diet; claims accurately that James Braddock became champion of the world as a result of the Hay diet; is devoted to his ex-opera singer wife; took up golf at the age of sixty-seven; never drinks alone; believes in astrology, and that one's tendencies are affected by the exact moment of birth. In appearance and mentality he is typical of those who are born under the Sign of Leo, being introspective, endowed with a high forehead and stubbornness.

It is with his mother's comment on him when he was ten years old that I will leave him to you: "Willy is just like a pig," so her son charmingly reports her comment on himself; "if you want him to go one way, you just tell him to go the other."

Charles Graves

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"This 'll Make You Whistle" (Palace)

It has been said that Jack Buchanan failed to draw the town in *The Flying Trapeze* because, if there is one thing galleryites like about Jack Buchanan, it is Elsie Randolph: she wasn't in it. Be that as it may, here they are again to make us as happy as librettists will allow: Jack as a young man who pretends to be a rake in order to shock the guardian of the girl he doesn't want to marry; and Elsie as an artist's model who helps him by pretending that artists' models are the last thing model artists would ask to tea out of office hours.

And the bell in the box-office is ringing from ten to ten, just as it did when these two appeared together in *Sunny* and *Toni* and *That's a Good Girl*, and various other three-hundred-nighters.

Possibly you saw all these shows, and probably, if you did, you remember no more about them than I do—which, summed up, is Jack Buchanan and Elsie Randolph. As it was when they invited us to stand up and sing, so it is now that they request us to sit down and whistle. We applaud Jack's singing, which is so easy and amusing. We applaud his dancing, which puts us in two minds as to whether he is making something very difficult look very easy or something very easy look very difficult. Here, in any case, is the technique that conceals technique. We admire his comedy and are grateful to note that he never quite gives himself away. By reserving his fundamental self, he preserves a touch of mystery more valuable than any revelation. Incidentally, we observe with interest that he is one of the few remaining stars who can wear a top hat and still look like the latest thing out.

"This 'll Make You Whistle":
Artist's model and tailor's model—Elsie Randolph and Jack Buchanan

Sketches by Rouson

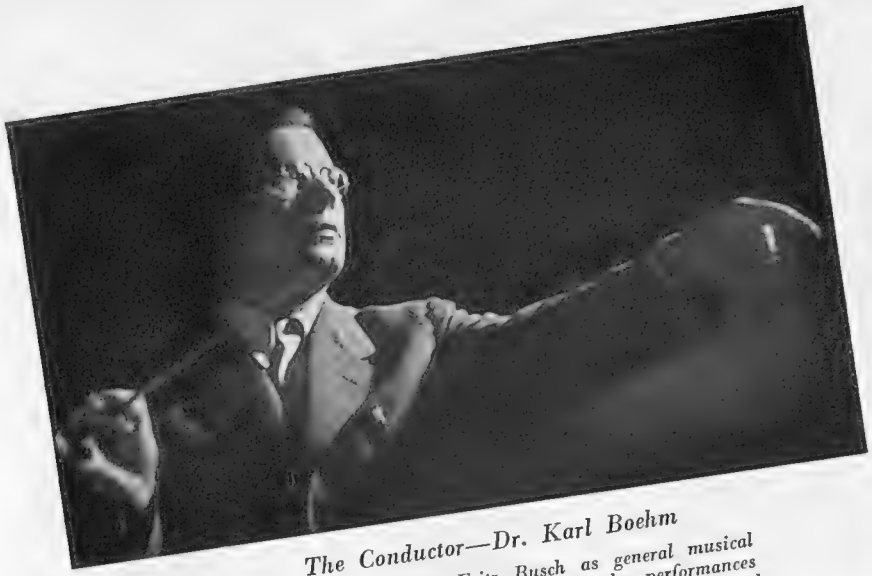
As for Elsie Randolph, everyone knows what a good little worker she is and what a lot of nonsense she has made endurable. One feels that she deserves, even more than a paragraph of praise, a medal. That she should be blonder than of yore is, I suppose, inevitable. Girls will be girls. Even Gracie Fields has now joined the great majority. But I will take my oath that it is a mistake. The fairer you are, the harder it is to convince the world that you are clever. Successful though she is, if Frances Day would dye her tresses raven, her talents would get twice the recognition.

"Let's Raise the Curtain"
Florence Desmond runs a pu-erity campaign

"Let's Raise the Curtain" (Victoria Palace)

This show, half variety and half comic-operetta, should be all variety; for the variety half is so good that we don't want it to stop, and the comic-operetta half is so bad that we curse the moment it began. With rumours of a score of new revues in the air, I would recommend managers to take a look at the Twelve Hollywood Aristocrats, whose dancing is as graceful as it is sensational; at Fred Sanborn, who is such a droll comedian that for once the xylophone becomes more than bearable; and at Charlotte Arren, a reckless young lady with an operatic voice which she exercises with merciless effect.

Above all, there is Florence Desmond, who is something more than an imitator, because every imitation is a criticism. She has such a sense of period that I do believe she could present the difference between a Principal Boy in 1910 and a Principal Boy in 1911. She can even tell the difference between one film star and another. Her impression of Dorothy Dickson is the best thing she has yet given us. And if only she would come on after the comic-operetta and satirise that, there might be some excuse for the very shabby folleries it inflicts upon us.



The Conductor—Dr. Karl Boehm

Karl Boehm succeeded Fritz Busch as general musical director at Dresden, will conduct all the performances except two, and is making his first appearance in England

"Don Juan"

As the Dresden State Opera Company Will Give It To-night at Covent Garden

The two-weeks' season of the Dresden State Opera Company and Orchestra began at Covent Garden on Monday. Five operas are being given—*Rosenkavalier, Tristan, Don Juan, Figaro,* and *Ariadne auf Naxos* (in that order this week), and three orchestral concerts at the Queen's Hall. Dr. Richard Strauss, who has not been in London for some years, is conducting *Ariadne* on Friday and next Sunday's concert. All the dresses, scenery and stage effects are the company's own. The stage director is Hans Strobach

Matthieu Ahlersmayer as Don Juan

Ahlersmayer is making his Covent Garden début in "Don Juan," and also sings Almaviva in "Figaro"

Donna Anna and Don Ottavio

Margarete Teschemacher (Elvira) and Martin Kremer (Ottavio) have both sung at Covent Garden before, she in 1931, and he in 1934 and 1936. Marta Fuchs (Anna), a singer with a fine reputation abroad, is making her first Covent Garden appearance, and so is Ludwig Ermold (Leporello)

Donna Elvira and Leporello

Newbury

The Last Sunny Day's Racing of the Local "Flat" Season

Miss Agnes Celestria King is talking to Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. John Lycett Wills who are not so long back from their motoring honeymoon in France and Switzerland. Mrs. Wills was Jean Elphinstone, Lord Elphinstone's second daughter; her husband is in the Blues

Another pair of this year's young-marrieds were Mr. and Mrs. Michael Barclay. She was Vivianne Parker, Lady (Tresham) Lever's daughter. They were staying with her mother and stepfather for the meeting

Mr. and Mrs. Tony Lyon-Clark have taken a house near Newbury. She is American, was Margot Keene, of New York. He owns several good jumpers but does not race on the flat

The Hon. Mrs. John Southwell went racing with her mother-in-law, Lady Southwell, who lives at Bourne House, near Newbury. Mrs. Southwell is Sir Geoffrey Watson's daughter, married the Southwells' youngest son four years ago

Left: Mr. Dennis FitzGerald and Miss Suzanne du Boulay were snapshotted from below as they stood on the paddock stand

Mrs. Edward Mann and Mrs. Donald Cameron sat on the sunny side of the paddock stand and watched people instead of horses

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

IT seems there has been a little trouble in the picturesque Royal Stuart Society. The Governor-General, Mr. Wheatley-Crowe, has accused somebody of "instigating a revolt" against him, and stigmatises such conduct as unbecoming a Cavalier and a gentleman. There is, however, no definite split, so the old Cavalier arming song, "Don't Get Your Spurs in the Tansy," will not be heard in hall and buttery, still-room and armoury as yet, and there 'll be no need for all those ladies and clergymen to rally round Charles I. at Charing Cross. It doesn't affect us really one way or the other. We 're Legitimists of a different and more important kind, much earlier in our sympathies. You 've probably never heard of the Haroldist League? We stand for the Anglo-Saxon Dynasty against the foul brood of the usurper William, Duke of Normandy. Once a year we parade at St. Valéry and Bayeux in woollen tunics and galligaskins, shaking our blonde locks and crying "Out! Out!" (Our Norman enemies say we also paint our stomachs with woad, but this is a lie.) After that we partake of tea, during which Mrs. Rackstraw and the Rev. Timothy Mildmay sing an ode by Caedmon, to a simple hymn tune. Finally we all six march past the Bayeux Tapestry, shaking our fists and calling on all true English thanes enjoying rights of sac and soc, infangtheofe and outfangtheofe, to rise in arms and avenge the right. Miss Gathercole is generally very bitter at this stage, and has been known to assault the citizens of Bayeux with her umbrella, crying: "Wot ye not that here in townhithe outwandering we walk in wanhope, algate well wotting rightwiseness?" To this the villeins of Bayeux have been known to reply in one single word beginning with an M and gestures of a Norman kind.

Our final station is made at Falaise, where we flourish our walking sticks and umbrellas at the Castle, birthplace of the Usurper, while Mrs. H. H. Willowly recites a Saxon curse from Beowulf. The League has no connection with any other body whatsoever, its duties are onerous and often dangerous, and we shall be very glad to receive subscriptions from sympathisers of decent Saxon stock, if I may mention such matters.

Polish

THE next Bayreuth Season, it appears, will see a more civilised *Ring*, with all the angry blond gods and ramping hairy heroes transformed into German noblemen, clipped and decent. This must be the toughest job the Nazi culture experts have yet tackled. The stout heroes and heroines of the Nibelungenlied are rather given to violence, treachery, and, if required, incest, in which they closely resemble those of the Greek epics. Rather a noisy, uncouth crowd, one would say, of either collection, especially at mealtimes, wolfing great hunks of meat hewn off the carcase in clouds of burning blue grease, swigging fermented honey drinks to excess out of enormous goblets. (Five hundred years hence, a race of tabloid-eaters will be referring with much the same distaste to the Wine and Food Society's jamborees.) To tone down and civilise these great 'ones is indeed a problem, especially since Wagner wrote his music to interpret them as they were. It wasn't so long ago, either, that their goings-on were considered to mirror the primitive German virtues. A manifesto issued during the early part of the last war made this clear.

Logically, the Wagnerian scores will have to be toned down as well; in which case we couldn't see anything else for it but to call in some gentlemanly composer to rehash the more brutal passages, substituting where necessary the graceful gavotte and the tuneful waltz. The ride of the Valkyries, for example, is pretty exhausting. They yell very loudly. The orchestra splits one's ear-drums. Brünnhilde whoops like a fishwife. A dainty ballet of flowers would be *so* much nicer.

"What you do mean, branches?— they 're customers"

Point of View

MR. EPSTEIN'S sculpture "Day," over a side entrance to the London Passenger Transport Board's head offices in Westminster, was found the other day besmeared with a tarry mixture which, being treated with soap and water, turned the opus a bright blue. This is the second time this composition has been improved by anonymous æsthetes, possibly—judging by a swastika painted on another part of the building—of the Fascist persuasion. Ourselves, we should say bright blue is ideal. Not so possibly, Lieut.-Colonel Graham Seton Hutchison, D.S.O., M.C., a copy of whose shilling pamphlet *Truth* has been sent us. The Colonel attaches to the whole Epstein achievement such brisk labels as "bestial monstrosity," "foul enigma," and "filthy depravity," and attributes the boosting by leading art-critics to racial sympathies. ("Rothenstein, Rutter, Wilenski, the late P. G. Konody . . .") From

which you perceive that the Colonel has little or no fear of Bloomsbury, and its shaggy fauna, male and female, so vocal, so shrill, and so hideous.

There 's one aspect of this periodical tarring of Epstein works which seems to escape the notice of the thoughtful. Those who operate may be actuated by a strong admiration of the Master, and may be simply " expressing themselves " in that free, fearless, unshackled manner which is the birthright of every modern, as the Bloomsbury mother said when the baby beaned her with the axe. They may sincerely think the works of Epstein are more subtly Epsteinish and beautiful when covered with tar. The L.P.T.B. and Mr. Frank Pick possibly disagree, but who are they to set themselves up as judges of a spiritual state ? We remember a party in which after staring for some time entranced at a Freudian from Bloomsbury somebody clapped a bucket over his head. By a large majority it was agreed that this ought to be a permanent embellishment, so greatly did it enhance the appearance of the subject. So what ?

Souvenir

THOSE who like staring at things will like staring at the collection of literary chaps' relics at the Book Exhibition at Dorland Hall. Dr. Johnson's chair, Kipling's pewter inkstand, and Thomas Hardy's pen and Order of Merit are among the star souvenirs. Whether there 's anything of Samuel Butler's we don't yet know. There probably is. The collection of Butler relics made by his friend and disciple Festing Jones included practically everything except Butler's toothbrush and a bit of toast gnawed by Butler. It 's almost impossible, as we see it, to avoid having something from the Butler showcases. And with what emotion would we not gaze on Tennyson's Sunday pants and a bag of the birdseed Ruskin used to scatter over his admirers for fun ! You 're right, we would not.

It 's difficult to work oneself up over the relics of the literary boys, we find. The only one which ever gave us anything of an emotion is the bloodstained proofsheet of *L'Ami du Peuple* which Marat was correcting in his bath when Charlotte Corday knifed him. It 's in the Carnavalet. From this, if you take the trouble, you can reconstruct a very pretty drama. Few other literary chaps have ever got themselves into such an awkward position, being fond of their pink skins, and sworn enemies to violence. We except always A. G. Macdonell, whose favourite trouser-clips are our proudest possession. One of the most fearless men of letters alive, Macdonell wears trouser-clips day and night. Asked at some fashionable evening rout why, he immediately hits out right and left, causing great damage and consternation. It 's just an idiosyncrasy of genius, because Macdonell hasn't a bicycle. If he had we bet he 'd be one of the most fearless wheelmen alive, an A.1 roadster admired by one and all. Or fireman, if he was a fireman. We knew him when he was Jim Bludso of the Mounties way back in the 'nineties, the whitest man that ever flung boot o'er saddle. He faced the music to shield a pal. Now he 's back in the Old Country and an Earl. Old pal, good luck !

Locale

IT seems a long time since Camden Town had a decent crime, but it 's presumably got another at last—a gentleman has been found stabbed in a basement. The most decorative Camden Town crime within recent years was that involving a Mr. Smith who drowned three brides in baths, playing hymns meanwhile on the harmonium, a delightful instrument. After that it had an Art Colony. What makes Camden Town the ideal background for such things is its Victorian respectability, its faded, grimy stucco crescents and squares, and its proximity to Regent's Park, with all those melancholy tigers. To stab a gentleman in a basement there is rather a Poë-like act.

How different is crime in South Kensington—or, rather, how different the nature of crime, and the *crime passionel* especially. For we 're told, voices are never loud. " You cad," says a quiet tenor, " you have besmirched a woman's reputation and I am going to thrash you within an inch of your life with the whip of rhinoceros-hide my Uncle brought home from Kenya." " Do not hurt him, Brinsworth," says a quiet contralto, " I love him, I——" " I can take my medicine, little woman," interrupts a hoarse but quiet baritone. Only the rhythmic swish of the whip interrupts the ensuing silence. " Now go, you cad," says the tenor evenly, " and if you ever call here unknown to me again——" " Second Tuesdays," flutes the contralto. A door closes, also quietly, and the affair is over. The nearest place to find a vulgar murder is probably Fulham.

" I couldn't take it, lady — it wouldn' be fair "

"What's all this, Mr. Harris? I'm told you were heard singing in English"

At this A lashed out at B, who rose and hit him back, and they clinched and fell together into the aisle, bowling over an elderly *ouvreuse*. Somebody then fetched a policeman, both were removed, and the show went on, which was a pity, because everybody seemed to prefer the interlude.

Fonny, No?

WAS it quite fair of the *Times* dramatic boy, despite his sufferings, to reproduce phonetically some of the noted Russian actress's rendering of *Antony and Cleopatra*? Example:

O weederdee degarlano devar,
Desolderspo lees falln: yong boisenguls
Alefelnow wimen.

Meaning:

O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls
Are level now with men.

We ask because we heard a young English actress some time ago declaim a passage from the *Tempest*. Said this sweetheart:

Heel, manny-callahd messnjah, that neah
Dast disobee the wafe ahv Jupitah,
Who weeth they seffrn weengs, apahn may flahs,
Diffusest hanny-drahps, refreshing shahs.

Listen carefully and you may hear just as good in the London theatre any night (and what about the B.B.C.?). We mean to say, once one starts this phonetic game where does one *stop*, we mean?

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Yahoo

THE best suggestion so far in the matter of dealing with the type of theatre-going lout who habitually shoves past you in the stalls five minutes late after each act, is that of a Mr. Bostock Wheeler, writing to the papers. Mr. Wheeler suggests interposing a sprawling limb or two so that the Yahoo can't pass. "If he complains, so much the better, for he then becomes a nuisance generally." Fine, Mr. Wheeler, and suppose the late-coming Yahoo suddenly socks you smartly on the nose? Do you sock him back and make a regular old up-and-down of it in the aisle? It wouldn't be an unwelcome diversion, when we think of one or two plays we 've sat through lately. The actors would probably enjoy it, too. And if everybody got drawn into it eventually and broke up the theatre, well, that would just create work for the upholstery and carpentering trades. (Help Your Neighbour."—*Daily Express*.)

The only time we 've seen a person of this type involved in his just deserts was in Paris. We 've always remembered the conversation when for the third time he tried to upset a whole row of stalls to bump his way to his seat in the darkness. Call him A and his interlocutor, seated at the end of the row, B. This chat ensued:

B: Were you born a cad (*goujat*), Sir?
A: You shut your mouth.
B: You 're married, I take it?
A: . . . (a very short word, expressive of contempt).
B: I thought so, Sir. You have the face of a true cuckold. (*Une vraie tête de cocu*.)

"The hard school of life—*show me one with purple spots"*

Films of the Day

"Mayerling", at the Curzon : By George Campbell

It was inevitable, I suppose, that sooner or later somebody would make a picture out of the life and death of the Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria and the Baroness Marie Vetsera. Now the French have done it, with that intensity and understanding of the anatomy of passion which are the Frenchman's gifts to drama.

Some people still living can remember the excitement that ran through Europe at the news, on January 30th, 1889, that the Austrian Crown Prince had been found dead in his little hunting lodge in the forests near Vienna. Austria was appalled by the death of the heir to the 600-year-old throne, and the excitement deepened when all manner of macabre rumours forced Francis Joseph to agree to an announcement that the lovely young Baroness Marie Vetsera had been found dead in the same bedroom. The Crown Prince, it was officially admitted, had killed the girl and then himself.

The effect of the tragedy on one of the most absolute and formal Courts in Europe was indescribable. After the first curt announcement nobody dared refer to it again, and not till the Hapsburgs fell in 1918 was it permissible to mention Marie Vetsera's name. All the people who had knowledge of the circumstances were sworn to silence, and took their secrets to the grave. But the facts, in outline, seem well established, despite sensational stories to the contrary.

It was at the Viennese Polish ball in 1887 that Rudolf first met Marie Vetsera. He was attractive, married for reasons of State to a woman he disliked, chronically unfaithful. Half the girls in Vienna gazed on him romantically from afar; poor Marie seems to have fallen at first sight. A scheming lady of the Court, who had once had designs on Rudolf herself, obligingly provided a rendezvous; and before long the affaire was in full swing.

If they had been discreet Vienna would have smiled and winked, as it always had done at royal indiscretions. But Rudolf, a thwarted political reformer with a touch of Raskolnikov about him, was too intense; for once he was really in love. When he left to attend Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1887, Marie also found it convenient to visit a sister in England; and Rudolf's wife promptly refused to go. Naturally, this caused a sensation in Vienna and a bit of a scandal at Buckingham Palace.

At last Rudolf went so far as to ask the Pope for an annulment of his marriage so that he could marry Marie. This was the beginning of the end. The Emperor demanded that for the sake of the nation his son should drop what was now an absorbing passion. He gave his word, and cleared out to Mayerling with some friends. Two days later, when he did not reply to the morning knock, they broke in the door of his room. The room was dark and heavy with the smoke of burned-out candles. On the bed lay Marie and Rudolf, both with head wounds. Both had left farewell letters showing they had agreed to die.

Long afterwards highly-coloured stories were spread. It was said that Rudolf had been found outside a gamekeeper's cottage with his head battered in; and that Marie had died five hours earlier without knowing of his fate. The motive, it was suggested, was jealousy. Rudolf had seduced the gamekeeper's pretty wife and been murdered by the husband in revenge—with or without Marie's spiteful urging.

Though General Middleton, an English friend of the Empress Elizabeth, is said to have had this version from her, it can probably be disregarded. The truth, as usual, is simpler. Rudolf was continually being humiliated on account of his democratic views and choice of friends: he regarded his life as useless. Add that he was worn out by dissipation (even if one doesn't accept the report that an unpleasant disease would have killed him within a year); that in view of his word he could not go on living with the Baroness and could not bear to live without her, and you have a motive for double suicide stronger perhaps than most.

The film shows the tragedy marching to its foredoomed end. It has glossed little that was unpleasant in Rudolf's character. Neither does it have to exaggerate the beauty of poor Marie. Charles Boyer, one of the strongest young actors on the screen, and Danielle Darrieux, the lovely French star, play the tragic lovers extraordinarily well, and are supported by a fine all-round cast. *Mayerling* is a film you should not miss.

I might say the same of *Dodsworth*, a brilliant adaptation of Sinclair Lewis's novel, with Walter Huston as the hero, Ruth Chatterton as his dithering, snobbish wife trying to conquer Europe, and Mary Astor as the woman he eventually turns to.

Swing Time, the new Astaire-Rogers, has some tuneful songs and sparkling dancing to commend it, but not much else; Freddie Bartholomew, Jackie Cooper and Mickey Rooney act extremely well in *The Devil Takes the Count*; and if you like undiluted sentiment, laid on with an expert trowel, see the Broadway star, Gladys George, in *Valiant is the Word for Carrie*. There are a lot of other words for Carrie, most of them Biblical; but her former trade is only hinted at, and she has a heart of gold.

"Dodsworth" as a Film

Walter Huston has been cast as the Middle-Western hero and Ruth Chatterton as his selfish impressionable wife in the screen version of Sinclair Lewis's famous novel. Paul Lukas, Mary Astor and David Niven play the most important of the Europeans that the Dodsworths meet on their travels, and William Wyler directed. The film has been at the Tivoli ten days

Portrait of Greer Garson

At the moment Greer Garson is one of the three leading ladies of *Mademoiselle*, Jacques Deval's play at Wyndham's. She has the part of the jeune fille (with Isabel Jeans as her mother and Madge Titheradge as her governess) who is going to have a baby—a happening she regards first with suicidal terror, afterwards merely as an interruption in her selfish gay young socialite's life. Greer Garson makes her as real and interesting a person as she does every character she plays; she draws her stage portraits always without waste, exaggeration or sentimentality. And then she is so attractive to watch, has a lovely voice, and wears clothes to perfection

Cannons of Hollywood

Anna Neagle — All-British Star

Anna Neagle, who is really Marjorie Robertson, is the daughter of a Scottish father and an Irish mother—she takes her film name from the latter. She started her public career by getting into the final of the world's dancing championship at the Queen's Hall, then became a Cochran young lady, then went to America in the cast of Jack Buchanan's *Wake Up and Dream*, then, on return, applied for Jack's leading ladyship and got it. Herbert Wilcox saw her and—in the manner of film magnates in novels—decided she was just the star he wanted. He coached her carefully in *Good Night Vienna, Bitter Sweet, Nell Gwynn, Peg of Old Drury*, and this year she's led in *Limelight* and—the latest—*The Three Maxims*, now at the Leicester Square. Tullio Carminati is with her again in *London Melody*, now in production at Wilcox's new Pinewood Studios at Iver. Anna Neagle has quiet tastes, doesn't go out much, and is a soccer enthusiast. She's Arsenal's mascot

John Everard

Robert Speaight as Thomas à Becket

T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* is a play of extraordinary beauty and drama, but the idea of its being a stage success would have made most London managers laugh. However, Ashley Dukes put it on at the Mercury last year, and now, the number of its performances having nearly reached the two hundred and fifty mark, it has been moved from there to the Duchess. Much of its success is due to Robert Speaight's fine acting as Becket, Canterbury's murdered Archbishop; he gives Eliot's portrait of that proud saint a stage life of great and moving reality, and speaks the poet's words with a Gielgudian combination of speed, clarity and dignity. He continues in the part at the Duchess where the play is presented by J. P. Mitchelhill, with new setting and dresses but the same cast and E. Martin Browne's original production. Next year the play will probably be given in translations in Austria, Hungary, Italy and Scandinavia, and the English company have been invited to play it in Paris

Norman Parkinson

Leading Actor in the Drama of Hunting

Around November 1st life begins again for all the people who think they might as well be dead as not chase the fox. After a long series of cub-hunting rehearsals and hunter-trial and hound-show auditions, the curtain of the opening meet goes up on the drama proper. Here and there a company steals a march on its rivals and gives its first performance a week earlier. The Pentyrch, for example, held their opening meet last Saturday week, and in a setting so old-world and so lovely that a film studio couldn't have bettered it, meeting under the medieval walls of Castel-Coch, near Cardiff. They hunt their country in East Glamorgan on Tuesdays and Saturdays, under Lord Bute's Mastership since 1934. The handsome head above belongs to one of the North Cotswold's forty-five couple of hounds. Their centre is Broadway, the Master since 1932 has been Mr. W. W. B. Scott, nephew of Mr. Charles Scott who was Master from 1908 until 1921

Medieval Setting for an Opening Scene

Three Beautiful Paget Sisters

These Pagets could challenge any other sisters in England for looks—and then throw a not unjustified challenge on behalf of the family intelligence. The eldest—there are five altogether—of Lord and Lady Anglesey's daughters is Lady Caroline Paget; she is twenty-three this year, has done some film work and then went on the stage twelve months ago, acting with the Oxford Repertory Company under the name of Caroline Bayly. The second of them is Lady Elizabeth Paget, born in 1916, so far unidentified publicly with any kind of a career, but a fairly regular film and stage first-nighter when her family is in London. The Angleseys' London house is in Queen's Gate, but they spend a good deal of the year at Plas Newydd, in the Isle of Anglesey

Left:
Lady Elizabeth Paget

Below:
Lady Caroline Paget

Peter North

Anthony

Lady Rose Paget

The youngest of this trio is Lady Rose Paget, eighteen this year, a debutante of next season. Her great interest is dancing; she has been learning at the Ballet Club under Marie Rambert for the last three years, and hardly ever misses a performance at Sadler's Wells or Covent Garden or wherever there is good ballet to be seen. She herself isn't easy to miss, with her pale lovely face, mediæval-page hair, and clothes very much in a style of her own

"Governesses are a nuisance; no more need be said. You may kiss my hand, Rochester"

The Honourable Blanche Ingram (Yvette Pienne) snubs Jane and encourages Rochester (Reginald Tate)

The maniac of the West Wing (Dorothy Hamilton) turns on Jane, who has prevented her strangling Rochester, as she is led away by her keeper, Grace Poole (F. Marriott-Watson)

"Jane Eyre" as a Play

"Come, gentlemen, you shall make the acquaintance of the mistress of Thornfield"

Rochester takes the men who have stopped his wedding to Jane to see his wife, the maniac of the West Wing

Photographs by John Everard

Curigwen Lewis as Jane Eyre

Charlotte Brontë, Helen Jerome and Curigwen Lewis have, between them, made a play vastly worth seeing. The critical (those who 've read *Jane Eyre* more recently than their 'teens) think Miss Jerome's adaptation only a mild version of that great novel. The other ninety-five per cent. of the audience at the Queen's find the play exciting and moving enough to make them forget the author altogether, except as a justification for the dialogue at its more stilted and elaborate. Curigwen Lewis's Jane is so satisfying a person in herself that again only the super-critical can care how exact a Brontë copy she is. Miss Lewis's first leading part in London has discovered her to her audiences as an extremely talented and attractive actress. Reginald Tate as the handsome sardonic Rochester heads the rest of the excellent cast. The production is by Athole Stewart who plays Mr. Bennet in Helen Jerome's other successful adaptation, *Pride and Prejudice*

"Jane, Jane, why didn't you come before?"

Mrs. Fairfax (Susan Richmond) welcomes Jane home

Below:

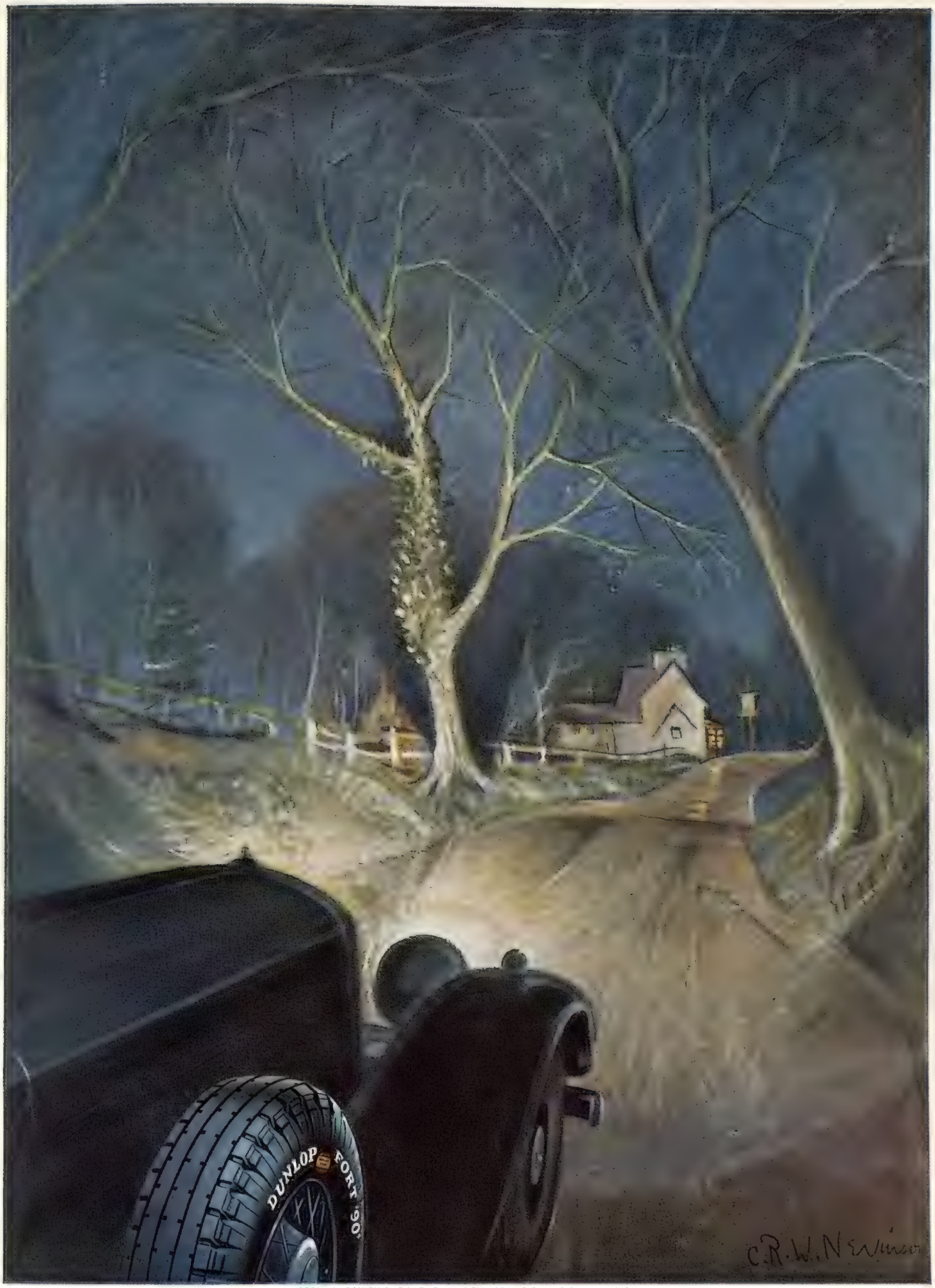
"I will be your companion and your eyes"

Jane returns to the blinded Rochester

Howard Coster, London

King of the Squash Court: Amr Bey

Abdel Fattah Amr Bey is amateur and open squash racquets champion of Britain and one of the few foreigners ever to captain a British international team—which he did against America last December. His introduction to squash (and to this country) was when he came over here with the Egyptian Davis Cup tennis team in 1927. Four years later, Amr Effendi (as he was then) became amateur squash racquets champion, beating W. D. Macpherson in the 1931 final. He has held the title ever since, except in '34, when he didn't compete. In 1932 he also became open champion, beating the then professional champion, D. Butcher, in the first match for the title. Last year James Dear became professional champion and was duly beaten by Amr, on whom the courtesy title Bey had just been conferred by King Fuad. Amr Bey is twenty-six, abstemious, wealthy (his uncle is the millionaire Amr Pasha), a barrister, lives at the Egyptian Legation where he was offered, but declined, an official position last January. He is playing for the R.A.C. in the Bath Club Cup and meets James Dear again for the open title on the 16th and 23rd of the month—remember the dates if you want to see the best squash in the world



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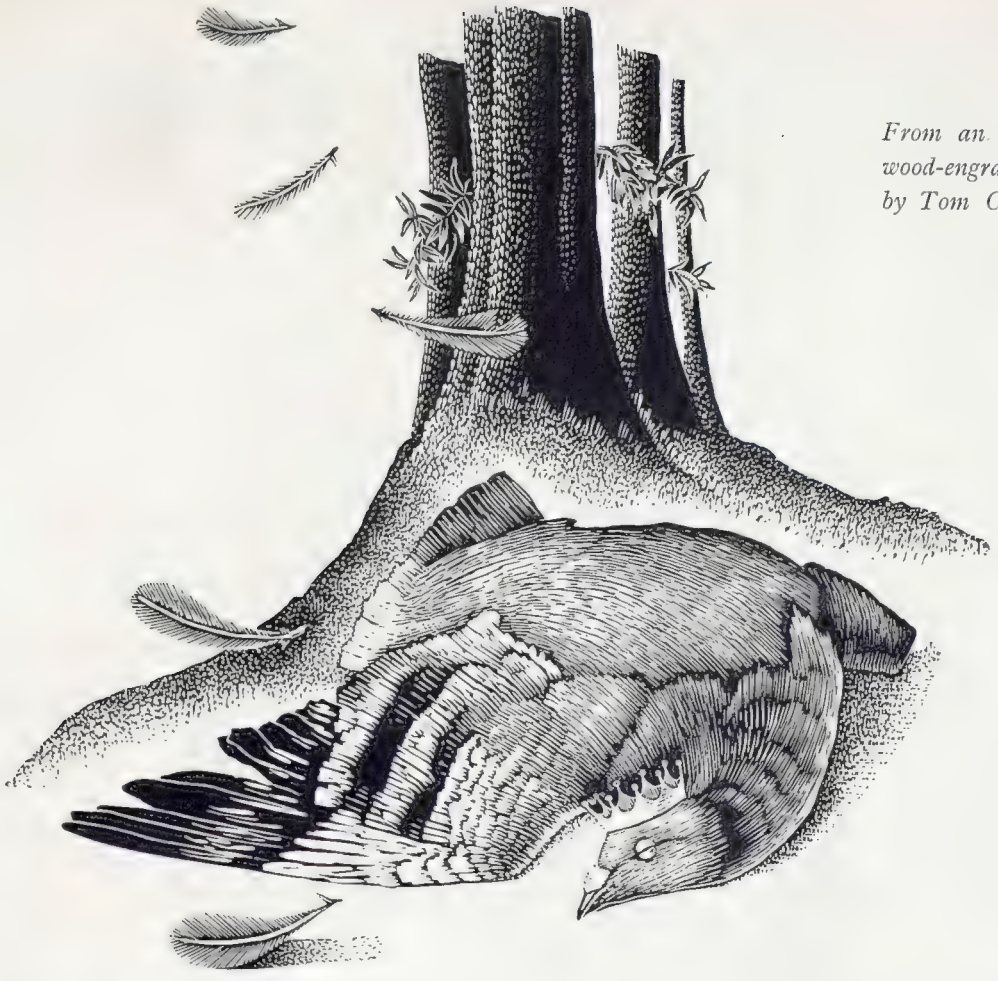

From an original wood-engraving by Tom Chadwick

"Bystander" Short Story No. 62

The Pigeon Shoot : By Elisabeth Kyle

And so this afternoon she would have to turn up with the tea at her husband's pigeon-shoot, although she loathed watching the sport, and had protested often enough that most other civilised countries had substituted the spring disc for the bird. But then, come to think of it, there was something about the Hungarian mind which loved cruelty for its own sake. Yes, beneath that charm, sophistication, elegance, which raised its civilisation so high above that of its neighbours, and which had fascinated her at first, she had come to decry the impish outlook of the small boy who likes not only to catch flies, but to pull their wings off after they are caught. . . .

"You had better drive down about five o'clock, Irma," Lajos had said, looking into her room before he set off, his tall, lazy elegance enhanced by his shooting clothes, worn with just the right touch of English carelessness. "Our guests will expect to see you there. Especially since you have been away from home so long."

The autumn coolness justified her selection of tweeds made up by a London tailor on her way back from America. The maid had laid them out in readiness, along with the skilfully tailored blouse and the mannish felt. Before her marriage, before her initiation into European ways, she would not have known how to wear them. Her father's fortune had been made too late in life, and her parents' tastes remained too simple, for her to have had any practice in the choosing and the putting on of the habiliments, together with all the other ways of that society in which she now found herself.

But she had learned. Lajos had taught her: first with tender teasing, and later, as his love cooled, by a delicate, though not so tender sarcasm. She knew now just where to buy her clothes, what cosmetics to use, what Lajos and his friends would expect of her on any and every occasion, and what, too, those other interwoven sections of society would expect when she came across them in the smart resorts, the other capitals of Europe. It was only when she learned last year what, in spite of all her efforts, they really thought of her, that her nerve broke.

Now she was dressed and ready. She flicked back the lid of the tortoiseshell powder-box to give her nose a further dust of powder, and snapping it shut again stared down for a moment at the nine-pointed coronet on the lid. How she and the girls had laughed after that first summer in Europe, when she had come back to Knoxtown to say good-bye and they sat, Paula, Grete, Lovely and Ann, in a bunch at the end of the comfortable porch of her father's home, chanting: "Seven spikes for a baron, nine for a count, and eleven for a prince. Say, Irma, if we come over to stay with you, couldn't you get a few spikes together for us? Five for me 'ud be plenty . . ."

Under the window the horses moved slightly, impatient, so that the sound of jangling harness warned her to hurry. She snatched up her gloves and ran down the long passage lined with portraits, most of them stiff and rather bad, showing dark, Mongol eyes beneath fur caps or gilded headdresses.

Out on the drive, before the long, low, yellowed frontage, with its Renaissance carved pillars in bas-relief, waited her own carriage, the coachman in braided livery, which once had so delighted her. Everyone in that district drove in carriages still, because of the roads. That had once delighted her, too, but now there were times when she longed for a steering-wheel beneath her hands, and a good, hard surface that would take her quickly away—back into the twentieth century again; back from the life of lingering, pre-war traditions which still lingered on in such forgotten corners of

(Concluded on page 206)

The Pigeon Shoot

(Continued from page 205)

an empire that had died before she ever knew it.

The acacia woods towards which she travelled had been planted by Lajos's father, a freak of perspicacity on the part of an otherwise totally unbusinesslike person, which was now repaying itself almost as though that gentleman had foreseen the loss to Hungary of its vast forests in the north and east, and the corresponding rise in timber values. The money they brought in to Lajos yearly enabled him to live pretty much as his family had always lived, with the help, of course, of the handsome settlement made on her by her father.

The trees which, in spring, seemed so tender and fairylike, and which sheltered hosts of nightingales, now drooped and showed through their withered foliage the fierce red of the setting sun. The carriage turned off the track made by the passing of innumerable oxen carts, and entered the wood itself. Here, enclosed in a brownish silence, they drove on, without sound, down the long, grass-grown clearing towards the edge of the wood and the flat stubble of fields beyond. A sharp crack rent the air, and another. She could see the thick-set figure of their neighbour, Imre Korvacs, standing sturdily outlined against the sky with his back to her. An infinitesimal speck rose in the air, swerved, vanished. Hit or not? She could not tell.

THE others greeted her as she came towards them, the men kissed her hand, the women nodded friendlily (once she had thought that really meant friendliness), and a camp chair in the row was promptly vacated for her. Her husband sat at a small wooden table making the scoring. The next man moved forward, tall, broad-shouldered, with that easy litheness so different, so much more assured through centuries of in-breeding, than the quick decisiveness of her own countrymen. A beater ran forward, jammed a struggling bird into a small box at the end of the measured path, vanished again behind the clump of trees on her left. From there he pulled the wire which flapped open the lid of the box, and the bird, rising in confused circles, received the shot in one wing. Like a 'plane in difficulties, it descended again, slanting, but too far off to encourage another shot. She could see it, long after the next bird had been released, and the next, dragging itself drunkenly to one side through the stubble of the newly harvested field beyond.

"Pity it gets dark just when one begins to have one's eye in," Lajos was saying. "Would you like to see the scoring, Irma?"

That meant, she knew, that she was not taking enough interest in the proceedings. "Yes, do let me see!" She rose lightly and looked over his shoulder.

"Your turn, Zoltan," someone said.

He got up, lifted his gun, and standing at the marked line, waited. She could see from where she stood now, the neck of the bird in the box, twisting this way and that. It was a small bird, and in its struggle to escape it had managed to drag one wing free.

"Hurry up!" somebody cried. Somebody else laughed. But Lajos did not hurry. He stood looking amusedly at the pigeon writhing and fluttering. Then he nodded, and the spring was released. But, whether exhausted by its efforts, or made wise by the example of its comrades, the bird refused to rise, cowering instead, close to the ground behind the box which had fallen over on its side.

Lajos nodded again. The beaters began to throw stones. First one, then another plopped against the side of the box. With a whirr of its wings the pigeon rose at last. Lajos fired twice, but it had swerved right over the heads of the party, and he dared not fire again. With a curious feeling at her heart as though she herself were flying to safety, Irma watched the flash of its wings, white-barred with black as it made for the woods beyond.

"Damme! Well, we'd better have something to eat." He did not betray his vexation, but she knew that too. She knew he was hating himself for missing so easy a shot, and would probably blame her for arriving late and making him nervous. Nervous. That was a word the men she knew back home would have never dreamed of using about themselves, even if it were true. . . .

BEHIND in the wood, the servants had laid out plates of sandwiches, pâte de foie-gras, and cups of coffee upon a long trestle table. The band of gypsy musicians, without which no Hungarian hunting party is complete, grouped themselves a little way off, discoursing fierce, sorrowful music. Further off still, the beaters and the coachmen of the guests made another group about the unhorsed carriages. It was a pleasant picture, needing only eighteenth century costume to liken it to a tapestry in Versailles.

"Dear Irma! How well you look! Beach City—isn't that the name?—must be as healthy as it sounds. And how nice of Lajos to go all that long, expensive way to bring you back!"

"It's done him good, don't you think?" She tried not to notice the tiny barbs that spiked through Mercedes Korvac's speech. Of course Mercedes knew—they all knew—that Beach City was a vulgar, unfashionable place, just the kind of place her parents would choose to spend the summer in. Poor Lajos! A woman with a pretty face and no breeding behind it! And those awful parents! She could hear Mercedes' purring voice again as she had heard it once by accident, coming too quickly into a Budapest drawing-room, and being thus disillusioned in a moment from the pleasing fantasy that Mercedes, her nearest neighbour, the woman who had taught her so much, and to whom she brought all her social difficulties when first she knew no better, was a friend. . . .

She never made that mistake again. Lajos objected that she was not on intimate terms with the women of his world. But friendship to her was not something one could buy like a cosmetic out of a bottle to smear over one's face. After that, like the pigeon, she had refused to rise.

Still, one had learned to copy women of the world a little, at least in appearance; and one met Mercedes so often.

So she answered as warmly: "It's done me all the good in the world. And Lajos is better too, don't you think?"

Lajos! As if any of them were deceived. As if, in spring, the small hidden castles and hunting-boxes within the acacia woods had not rung with the news that Irma had run back home to her parents; and in autumn again, with the knowledge that Lajos had had to go over to America himself to fetch her back!

She saw him again, leaning over the reception-clerk's desk in the lounge of the loud, jolly hotel where her parents loved to spend each summer, asking for her. Admired unwillingly the easy way he greeted her and her parents for all the world as though that painful scene in their Budapest flat had never, in reality, taken place except in her imagination. Admired, too, the cool good manners with which he took the situation in hand while her parents became more and more flustered. . . .

"It's like this, honey," her mother had said in her bedroom that night. "You know your father and I understand how you hate Europe and all those old-fashioned ways; and we'd love to have you back home with us. But if it is as Lajos says: that that kind of a separation isn't understood back where he comes from, and that it must be divorce or nothing—well—divorce you see—we're old-fashioned people too, and you've always known what we feel about that. It isn't as if there was any other woman either. No real excuse, I mean——"

So she had packed up and gone home again with Lajos. And here she was sitting now, as she would do for whole cycles of autumns maybe, while the leaves rustled gently downward towards the ground and the servants packed up the tea-things, and one of the beaters thrust bundles of blood-stained feathers into a sack, while the horses were backed into the shafts of the carriages and the guests, bidding each other good-bye, commented gaily upon a successful afternoon. . . .

Would Lajos ever realise the effort it had been to go back? Would he unbend a little, now, from his rigid code of outlook and upbringing? Would he, for instance, by way of return, excuse her from such excursions which she hated, from friendships forced upon her by the claims of society instead of mutual sympathy, or would he begin the long, torturing crucifixion again?

Sideways she glanced at him as they sat together in the small open carriage gliding soundlessly between the trees. His lips were curved with satisfaction, but it was perhaps only the satisfaction of a successful outing, of hospitality adequately offered. The long black lashes she had once loved lay close to his cheeks, for he was weary, and his eyes were almost closed.

Suddenly they opened wide.

"There it is again. Quick, my gun!"

He sprang to his feet, snatching at the gun the man on the box lowered down to him hastily. Outline against the darkening sky she saw a flash of white wings barred with black. The pigeon, tired of circling the woods, had returned instinctively to the place of its escape.

There was a sharp report, then silence, and a few feathers falling gently, lightly, like the first snowflakes, through the branches of the acacias.

THE END.

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Miss Lesley Watson

Miss Joan Sebag-Montefiore

Miss Jane Boothby

Miss Pansy Bonham-Carter

Miss Sibyl Vivian Walker

Engaged

Photographs by Lenare, Fayer of Vienna, Bassano, Tunbridge and Hay Wrightson

Lesley Armour Watson *is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Watson, of Johnstone Castle, Renfrewshire; she is engaged to Nigel Kennedy Kempt, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Irvine Kempt, of Strathullis, Helensburgh, Dumbarton*

Joan Sebag-Montefiore *announces her engagement to Guy Peyton, 15/19th King's Royal Hussars, son of the late General Sir William Peyton and the late Mrs. Peyton; she is the younger daughter of the late Cecil Sebag-Montefiore and Mrs. Montefiore, of Green's Norton, Towcester*

Jane Penelope Boothby *is engaged to St. John Bernard Vivian Harmsworth, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. V. G. Harmsworth, of Horsted Keynes, Sussex, and Thrumster House, Caithness; she is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. T. B. Boothby, formerly of Shanghai*

Pansy Bonham-Carter *is the eldest daughter of Major A. L. Bonham-Carter, of Buriton, Petersfield, Hants., and Mrs. Auriol Gaselle, and is engaged to Joseph Allan Phillips, R.N., third son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Phillips, of The Grange, Eastwood, Notts*

Sibyl Vivian Walker *is the daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel H. S. Walker and Mrs. Walker, of Gilston Road, S.W.10; she is engaged to Rodney Gerald Searight, eldest son of Lieut.-Colonel J. G. L. Searight and Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke*

Rachael Sybil Borthwick *has announced her engagement to Peter Sturgis, elder son of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. H. R. Sturgis, of Moat Park Farm, Isfield, Sussex; she is the younger daughter of the Hon. Algernon and Mrs. Borthwick, of Woodcote House, Oxon.*

Pamela Grant-Sturgis *is the only daughter of Sir Mark and Lady Rachael Grant-Sturgis, of Hillersdon House, Cullompton, Devon, and is engaged to Alan Alexander Cameron, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Cameron, late of 38, Cadogan Place*

Miss Rachael Borthwick

Miss Pamela Grant-Sturgis

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

The tunic made a tentative appearance last season, but it was some months before people became accustomed to the idea of wearing it. The exaggerated flare and tight underskirt provided quite a new silhouette which only a few dared to copy. In time, however, these lines were modified, and to-day the tunic is everywhere. Pictured above is a graceful evening frock in "Celanese" slub satin, a rich, supple material with a lovely sheen. The tunic is moulded to the figure and flares from the back. Another delightful material, particularly suited to picture frocks, is their satin taffeta, which rustles and shines, while the new fur velvets in pastel shades are designed for evening wraps. These, like all British "Celanese" fabrics, are sold by houses of prestige, but in case of difficulty, application should be made to Celanese House, Hanover Square

A Lace Suit and Grecian Nightdress

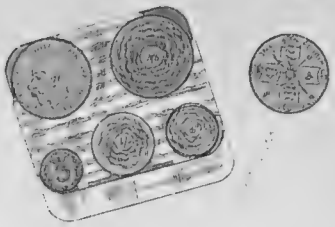
Tea gowns this year have assumed a tailored appearance, and are altogether different from last season. They remain extremely graceful however, and are invaluable for informal evenings at home. The figure above wears a finely-pleated georgette dress which closely resembles an exotic nightgown. It is bright yellow, cut on Grecian lines with a high neck and green velvet tie. With it goes a short green lace coatee and wrap skirt which ties with a large velvet bow

"Foto 36"

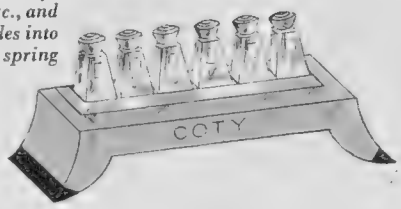
With the addition of a coat and skirt, the dress on the right becomes a charming rest gown. The vivid yellow provides a striking contrast to the green. This model, needless to say, can be copied in a variety of colours for 6½ guineas, and may be seen in the lingerie salons at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. Another suggestion is a face-cloth jacket over a contrasting silk slip. This is worn with a narrow, ankle-length skirt, opening down either side with sliding fasteners

THE BYSTANDER TWINS

in search of NOVELTIES



This flat metal box for carrying loose change comes from Selfridge's, Oxford Street. It is divided into sections for half-crowns, florins, shillings, etc., and costs 2s. 6d. Each coin slides into position and is held by a spring

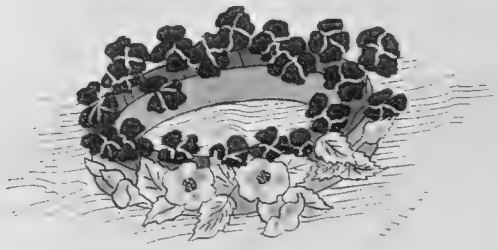


" They tell me you should use a different perfume for every occasion, so here is a choice of six " is the inscription which accompanies Coty's new boudoir stand from Selfridge's. It makes a perfect gift and costs 25s.

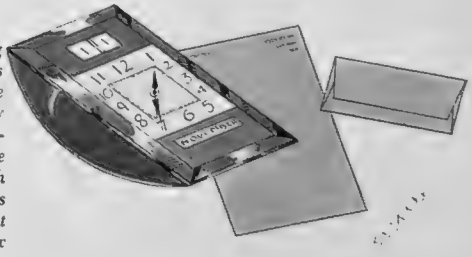
A screw pencil is always useful, but its value is considerably enhanced when it contains a perfectly good Ronson lighter. The one sketched is fitted with a clip, and costs 17s. 6d. at Selfridge's

Detachable curls have hitherto caused a certain amount of uneasiness, as there was always a risk of their falling off. To-day, however, Maison Francis, 3, Hanover Square, are showing side curls which grip so firmly that not even a strong wind or a day's shopping will dislodge them

New ideas in flower vases may be seen at Waring and Gillow. The one below, in the shape of a circular trough with a hollow centre, is made of frosted glass, ornamented with barbola flowers. Decorative and unusual, it costs 12s. 6d.



Making-up in public has always been discouraged, but a little powder is often necessary. This can be applied quite unobtrusively, however, with the help of the new mirror ring sketched on the left. It is set in silver metal, and costs 3s. at Waring and Gillow, Oxford Street



One of the most striking features about this season's novelties is the extensive use of clocks. They appear in all sorts of unexpected places, quite often in conjunction with a calendar. This applies to the blotter on the right from Waring and Gillow

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

A Novel of Our Times: By Alan Thomas

WHAT a first-rate novelist we have in Mr. Alec Waugh! I have just finished his latest book, *Jill Somerset* (Cassell; 8*s.* 6*d.*). It is a capital illustration of that attribute which Arnold Bennett declared to be of itself practically sufficient in a novelist's equipment, and which he summed up as "fineness of mind." It is also a book that cannot fail to be of interest to people born between, shall we say, 1850 and 1922—a pretty comprehensive period so far as the reading public is concerned. I put it in that way because in a novel like this there is something for everybody. It starts before the darkness of the last war, and ends within the shadow of the next. It takes us from the period when families were reared in the tradition of privilege and service, right down to the present day, when many privileged young people are leading "impromptu picnic kind of lives conducted very largely on the telephone." It is a novel of the changing world.

The central figure, Jill Somerset, is one of a family whose members have nothing in common except their upbringing and the tie of blood. Roy, the brother, is a Fascist; Cynthia, the small sister, is a Communist; and Beryl, the second sister, "she just plays round." Jill herself is a sane, intelligent woman with an instinct for doing the loyal, decent thing. When the man she is engaged to during the War becomes a conscientious objector, she stands by him; and only when she sees that he has no further use for her is the engagement, at her suggestion, broken off. And long afterwards, when she is married and her husband is momentarily captivated by another's wife, and when, at the same time, an old friend of hers, the man she should have married, is still anxious to offer her a home—even then she denies herself the easy, obvious course. Because she and her husband have shared over ten years together, and because "at the end of a partnership one didn't walk away into safety leaving the other to bear the entire brunt of failure," Jill sets herself to free him from his wretched entanglement and gives the other man the go-by.

Running through the book is a sense of impending doom. Our civilisation is on the edge of an abyss. Whereas the Victorians built their faith on property and bonds, the only heritage we can leave to our children is a training that will enable them "to win to a peace of spirit within themselves, a faith by which they can live and die." Don't imagine, however, that Mr. Waugh has a faith already wrapped up for you, and is ready to hand it you across the counter. Your faith must grow out of your own experience.

Jill Somerset is a fine piece of work. It will enhance Mr. Waugh's already high reputation.

"I TREMBLE TO THINK" (Dent; 6*s.*) is the title which Mr. Robert Lynd—who is known also as "Y. Y." of the *New Statesman*—has given to his latest volume of essays. The stock

Howard Coster

Robert Lynd

"Y. Y." has just published a new book of essays, called "I Tremble to Think," after one of the most amusing of his weekly pieces for the "New Statesman," which is reviewed here

word to use about Mr. Lynd as a writer is that he is so essentially sane. In other words, he expresses what the majority is thinking; he is the true exponent of the English idea—as only an Irishman can be. He stands for no "isms," except, perhaps, for individualism. His only passion is for tolerance, for the humane outlook, for the gentle things of life. He is the last man, in fact, whose birthday you would expect to fall on the same day as Hitler's! All the same, I should hate to think of him (Lynd, not Hitler) as permanently labelled Robert ("Sanity") Lynd. There is more to him than sanity: more even than the sum of his literary qualities—gentle irony, quiet humour, unaffected wit, and so forth. For when the list is complete, there must always be added in his case an extra quality, that little something that others haven't got, a quality of undefinable grace which attaches to his own personality and places him in direct line with the great essayists of English literature.

TOWARDS the end of *I Decorate My Home* (Putnam; 8*s.* 6*d.*), the author, Mr. Derek Patmore, says that his object is to give a simple guide to taste in contemporary interior decoration. I congratulate him on his success in doing precisely what he set out to do. I may as well confess that other books on interior decoration that I have read gave me the impression that they were intended for millionaires and Hollywood stars. It is a relief to find that Mr. Patmore writes for people of moderate means, and with some native good taste, who want a few pointers on furnishing. Most of the book is an account of how Mr. Patmore decorated and furnished his own modest bachelor maisonette. He is, of course, a well-known expert at his job; but there is nothing of the pundit about the way in which he discusses how and why he chose his colour schemes, his curtains and carpets and his chairs. He has some particularly sensible views (which is another way of saying I agreed with him) on lighting, and he did what all wise men do, got a woman to design his kitchen. I did not, naturally, see eye to eye with him over everything; but because of the sweet reasonableness and commonsense with which he writes, to say nothing of his impeccable taste, I strongly commend this book to those about to furnish, however modestly. They will find it invaluable.

I HAVE no doubt that *No Letters for the Dead* (Peter Davies and Lovat Dickson; 6*s.*) will be a very popular little book. It is got up rather like a box of chocolates, and the contents, though they look hard outside, have very soft centres. A lady, whose lover has been jugged on the ground of being an accomplice to his wife's violent death, failing to find good, honest work, spends the period of her lover's incarceration as an excellently-intentioned and, of course, purely temporary member of the oldest profession. She strikes lucky, luckier than most of her less cultured sisters, and there is quite a pretty situation when the time draws near for the prisoner's release.

The action takes place in San Francisco, and is related in the Hemingway non-stop style, direct speech being unencumbered by the use of inverted commas. The writing is clear-cut and vivid, and the characters are made to squeeze the last drop of reality out of the impossible rôles which they are called upon to play.

THE TEN TENETS of ELEGANCE

by

ROBERT PIGUET

1 *Remember that elegance is a personal thing; the mode can become elegance, but it is not elegance itself.*

2 *Don't follow the mode blindly; interpret it.*

3 *Never be eccentric. The well-dressed woman is never remarked because she always fits in the frame of her surroundings.*

4 *Know your faults rather than your good points. Correct the former, make the most of the latter.*

5 *Give the impression that you dress for your own pleasure, not for effect.*

6 *Be at ease physically and morally. A worry-wrinkled forehead will spoil the effect of the loveliest gown.*

7 *Have the courage of your convictions. Risk a mistake in taste rather than be without enthusiasm. A spontaneous error is a youthful fault, easily excused.*

8 *Use ornaments sparingly; avoid the "Sunday-best" look. It is better to dress more quietly than the occasion demands, than to over-accentuate.*

9 *Insist on quality, quality of cut, of material, of accessories, quality in everything.*

10 *Don't try to be the contrary of what Nature has made you. If you are plump, make the most of your plumpness, don't try to look thin.*

Monsieur Robert Piguet, one of the younger couturiers of Paris, at work in his studio with a mannequin and an assistant. It is rumoured that Monsieur Piguet may extend his activities to London

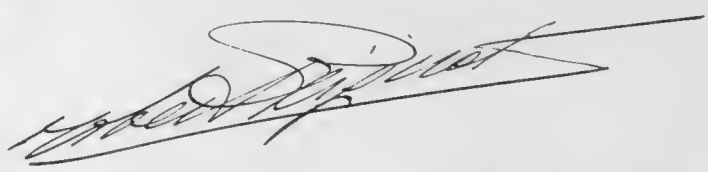
THESE "ten tenets" are not the inspiration of the moment. I have studied them, revised them, changed them over a period of years. Now they are definite. They have received the approval of some of the smartest women in Paris as being fundamentally sound. I think they can be of real help to the woman who sincerely wants to be better dressed.

If you do follow these "tenets" you will find they have a "youthifying" effect on your appearance. I have great faith in the elegance of youth; it is the quality I stress in all my creations. Every woman owes it to herself to keep her youth as long as possible—and by dressing cleverly, *youthfully*, she can keep looking ten years younger than her age for many years.

Two journalists on the scent of fashion news. Some of the interesting recent changes in the mode have started behind this quiet Parisian portal

Of all the "tenets" I have formulated, I think the last one is the most important. *Be what you are* is the advice I give to every woman who asks me the secret of being well dressed. A woman does not need to have a fabulous income to be well dressed. There are many rich women who are badly dressed, just as there are many women with very moderate means, indeed, who always appear youthful and smart. Why? Because they believe in being what they are; they do not seek to follow the mode slavishly, but to interpret it, to adapt it to their personality and to their natural qualities. By that I mean, they know how to choose, how to buy. There are some women who know how to choose, but for the most part they decide on such-and-such a dress because they like its appearance on the mannequin. That is the most unsure way to choose I know. Before buying a dress a woman should ask herself: "Where can I wear it? When can I wear it? Does it really hide my faults and make the most of my good points?" These are the questions a woman should answer first—then she would not be disappointed.

In my opinion, the modern couturier is not the Fashion Dictator of yore, who forced his creations on the public and maintained a disagreeable attitude of aloofness, but, rather, a sympathetic adviser, who, because of his technique, experience and detached viewpoint, is really able to suggest improvements in a woman's appearance, often by developing her own dress ideas.



ROBERT PIGUET

Stars from All Skies

Bette Davis in Birmingham

Bette Davis went to see "No Exit" at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre and sat in a box with its producer, John Stuart. She is waiting for her appeal to be heard against the decision given in her case with Warner Bros.

Reunited Weissmullers

Johnny "Tarzan" Weissmuller arrived in London last week to see his wife, Lupe Velez, who is starring in "Transatlantic Rhythm" at the Adelphi

Below: Gracie Fields and Monty Banks went together to the premiere of "The Three Maxims"

Marlene Was Ill

Rudolph Sieber, Marlene Dietrich's husband, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., were at Lady Headfort's and Miss Constance Collier's party. Marlene was to have been the guest of honour but her tonsilitis attack stopped her going

All Eyes on Luli Deste

Everyone who doesn't know asks who film-star Luli Deste is when she's out in London. She went to see "The Three Maxims" with Alexander Esway, Hungarian producer

One Maxim Missing

Tullio Carminati and Anna Neagle, two of the three Maxims, went with Herbert Wilcox, the director, to see their film. The third of them, Leslie Banks, was having a first-night of his own in "Till the Cows Come Home"

when dining
with
someone
you
don't know
very
well . . .

have you
ever
noticed
how a
certain feeling
of tension
is broken
by smoking
a cigarette . . .

and how
from
that moment
when
you both
start smoking
you enjoy
yourself
enormously ?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

London River

Nicholas Cavanagh, ex-Deckhand, "Old Crab," Holds an Exhibition

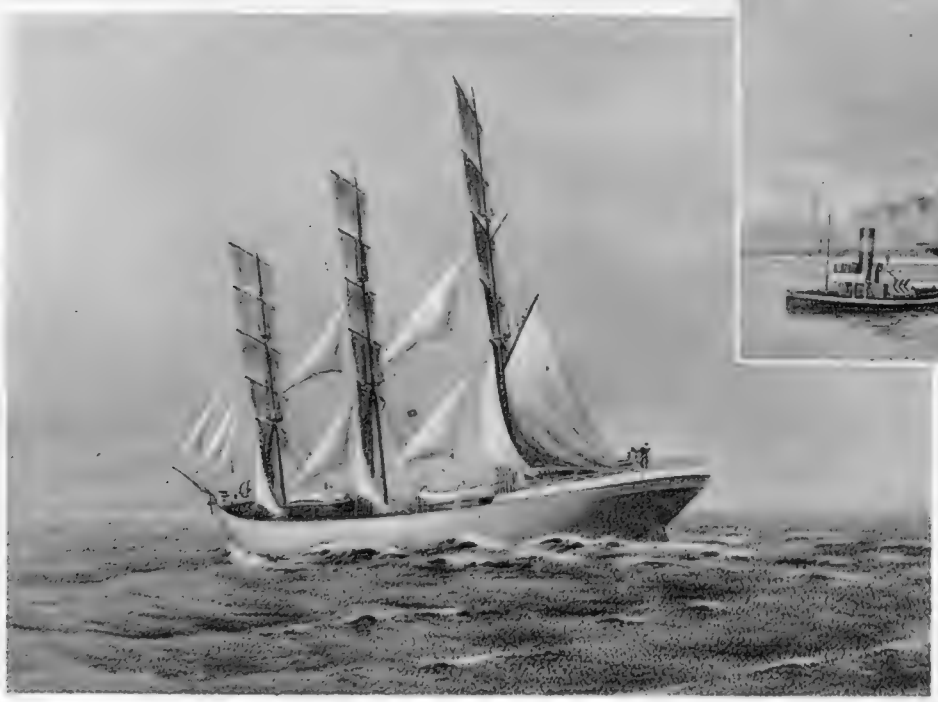
Nicholas Cavanagh Sketching

Nicholas Cavanagh, whose one-man exhibition of drawings opened at the Little Burlington Galleries on Monday, has been a seafarer all his life. Born in 1871, he started as a stowaway to New York, "beat the freight train" to Philadelphia, "got a fix up" with the Standard Oil Co. at Point Breeze (the terms are his own), worked back to London "in time for the Jubilee" (1887), and for fifteen years sailed, always as deckhand, on as many vessels, under canvas and steam. It was after the war, during which he worked at Woolwich Arsenal (he was refused for sea service), that he began to be "overlooked when hands were being engaged" and had to recognise the fact that he was an "old crab." Then it was that he had time to indulge his delight of drawing and turn to his amazingly accurate store of memories. Rupert Lee, former president of the London Group and chairman of the Surrealist Exhibition, discovered Cavanagh and is sponsoring his show

Below:
"Practical Windjammer"

"I began to be overlooked when hands were being engaged. As I am over sixty-five, I am on the rocks—obsolete, redundant, and N.B.G."

"The Last Lockout"



"Days of Iron" (Coloured Chalk)

Paul Nash, introducing the catalogue of "London River"—the title of Cavanagh's exhibition—says: "The charm of Nicholas Cavanagh's drawings is not in their naïveté. Naïve painters see the world with a special sort of eye, rather like a Cyclops, with a vision intensely concentrated and central. Nicholas Cavanagh has two eyes, normally placed, with which he observes quite normally. What he sees he remembers, and what he remembers he can draw, apparently, at any time he chooses. What impresses us even more about these, and other pictures, is their poetic quality, a quality which seems to have been unconsciously distilled by tireless experiments in realism"

This England . . .

Derwentwater, Lakeland

"THE water is held in its arms. And the sky is held in the water." Who knows not those lovely lakeside mornings as the mists wreathe off the hills and the full-bosomed clouds sail across the blue mirror of the water. This, too, is England, rivalling in lovely miniature the famed beauties of the world. Naturally there is bred in her children a love of her soil, of the good things that spring therefrom and an aptitude for turning them to rich uses. It is more than mere refreshment that makes you choose Worthington—it is an unconscious care for the fair fruits of the earth, brought slowly to maturity for your good.

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Howard Marshall on Rugger

Rough Play and Good Play

THE balance is fairly evenly adjusted between good and evil. As good we may reckon the continued excellence of Cambridge, and the startling brilliance of Cardiff against Blackheath. As evil I am afraid we must note the cancellation of fixtures between Swansea and Llanelly on account of rough play.

WHAT a pity it is that the rough-play bogey keeps on cropping up, and just now, when Welsh football seems set for a grand revival, it seems particularly unfortunate. Mind you, I don't propose to sit in judgment on a game I did not see, though by all accounts the Swansea and Llanelly forwards set about one another with extraordinary vehemence.

Those who watch their Rugby football only in London have no conception of the keenness with which the Welsh clubs regard their local Derbys, and it is not altogether surprising when fists begin to fly now and again. And this I will say—rough play is unfortunate, but not nearly so despicable, to my mind, as foul play, and any Rugby player will understand the distinction.

RUGBY football demands self-control of a high order, and I admit that it is annoying to be clipped under the jaw. It is far more annoying, however, to be shoved in the back at the line-out, to be tripped, to have your jersey held when you are dribbling, to find a hand swung across your eyes in the front row of the scrummage, to come up against a scrum-half who persistently puts the ball in crooked, or three-quarter who deliberately stands off-side.

These things are foul, and deserve the most rigorous punishment.

The rough house is a different story, and most forwards, at any rate, will say that they are quite prepared to mix it, and more than able to take care of themselves. A little violence, indeed, does not come amiss, provided only that it is good-tempered. The man we do not like is the bad-tempered one who kicks us on the head through sheer spite and viciousness.

THE trouble between Swansea and Llanelly, I do not doubt, arose simply through an excess of enthusiasm. The cancellation of fixtures will in all probability have the desired effect, and it will be strange if we hear any more of the matter.

I would not have you think that I am condoning thuggery on the Rugby field. Far from it. I detest such things as the unnecessarily heavy tackle by a large forward on a back who has parted with the ball. My point is that Rugby football has never been a drawing-room game, and that forwards are prepared to take and give hard knocks when occasion arises.

BUT enough of the seamy side. We must not be lured into any general suggestion that the game is going to the dogs because two Welsh packs have smitten one another hip and thigh. The game, indeed, is flourishing exceedingly, as you may have guessed if you were one of the enthusiastic crowd at the Rectory Field when Cliff Jones and Wooller went roaring through the Blackheath defence.

How good they are, those two, and how difficult it is to assess their real place in the hierarchy of great players! There are those who will tell you that beside the genius of such players as Gwyn Nicholls and Arthur Gould the talents of Wooller and Jones are no better than ordinary. I disagree. I think we always tend to disparage the present in favour of the past. The Nichollses and Goulds have become legendary figures, as heroic as Fionn and Cuchulain, but not one of them, I'll be bound, ever ran more gloriously than these young Welshmen at their best. It may be that as a constructive player Nicholls, among others, was their superior, but let us be thankful for seeing again the individual attacking brilliance of Wooller and Jones.

Guy's Captain

R. C. S. Dick is captain of Guy's this winter. He is a Cambridge and International cap — has played for Scotland continuously since 1934

Rugger at 63

Major Humphrey Cobb (right) turned out for Rosslyn Park when they beat Old Millhillians by two points at Headstone Lane. Major Cobb is sixty-three, last played for Rosslyn Park in 1902, swims, plays squash and tennis

Harlequins' Star and Captain

Hamilton Hill, one of the most distinguished Harlequins (he has played for England against the All-Blacks, Wales and Ireland) and Kenneth Chapman, this season's captain

IT is no wonder that Cardiff are drawing record crowds, but it is a satisfactory proof that Rugby football retains its hold upon the imagination of the public. And is there, I ask you, anything in sport more gloriously stirring than a Wooller striding in full cry for the line, or a Cliff Jones flitting through the defence like a strange will-o'-the-wisp?

Rugby football is as much a thing of the spirit as of the body. However exceptional Wooller's physical endowments may be, they would be worth nothing without the determination which enables him to use them to the full. However swift Jones may be, his speed would serve him little without the natural fire that is in him. This is a truth which we do not often recognise, but it brings us to our feet without knowing why we leap up and shout and fling our hats into the air.

I will add this, though—Wooller and Jones are supported by a thoroughly well-equipped Cardiff team. If they are too soundly marked to score, there are others who can strike swiftly. A. Bassett on the left wing, for example, is in grand fettle, and H. O. Edwards in the centre has improved enormously. Here again Wooller and Jones must take much of the credit, for their presence in the side is surely a tremendous stimulus.

ON the other hand, we have Cambridge going great guns without the encouragement of men with great reputations behind the scrummage. They seem to be scoring their successes through a sound appreciation and application of elementary principles, and that is welcome indeed.

They shove in the tight, all eight of them, as the ball comes in. Elementary, but rare. They realise the supreme importance of the quick heel from the loose scrummage. They tackle like tigers. They back up like New Zealanders. They are, in fact, an uncommonly promising side, and Laborde very wisely is not chopping and changing.

His main trouble, it seems to me, will be to avoid the demon of staleness. Cambridge are rather alarmingly fit at this period in the season. But there—this is no place for sowing the seed of unworthy doubt. Cambridge are in fighting trim, and Oxford will have to keep their powder dry.

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Foursomes Play

OCTOBER is always a great month for foursomes, and last month proved no exception to the rule. During the month hundreds of women disported themselves under the able guidance of Miss Eleanor Helme at Ranelagh and Roehampton in the Autumn Foursomes promoted by the BYSTANDER; the London Amateur Foursomes were played on the Red Course of the Berkshire Golf Club; the semi-finals and finals of the *Star* Club Foursomes were played at Beaconsfield, and, most important of all, the Worplesdon Foursomes took place.

There is no doubt that foursome play is very different from single play, but why this should be so is very difficult to understand. Many very good players are hopeless in a foursome, while many very ordinary golfers make most admirable foursome partners. It is of the utmost importance in a foursome for partners not only to have a good knowledge of each other's golf, but also of each other, if good results are to be obtained without any quarrelling.

THE Americans, however, are exceptions; in the Walker and Ryder Cup matches, which are practically the only occasions on which Americans play foursomes, players who have played little together combine well, and I think the reason is because they unquestionably possess very much better golfing temperaments than we do, and concentrate on the shot with which they are faced, without crying over spilt milk. Some of our players, having particularly asked their partners to put them on the left of the course, are so peeved if they find themselves on the right that they talk themselves out of the next shot before they arrive at the ball, and probably add demoralisation to their partner's repentance.

The Americans, on the other hand, do not seem to care whether they are on the left or the right; all they care about is playing the best possible shot from the particular lie on which they find their ball.

The Household Brigade G.S. Autumn Meeting was held on the Worplesdon Club's course. Picture shows Captain Hennessy and Mr. Steele

THE Worplesdon Foursomes show, year after year, how ineffective two good players can be in a foursome, and how two moderately good players together can make a very strong combination. Miss Pamela Barton, with her partner Francis Francis of course, had little chance of going very far, as she had landed from the *Queen Mary* the day before she had to play and under the circumstances played quite well.

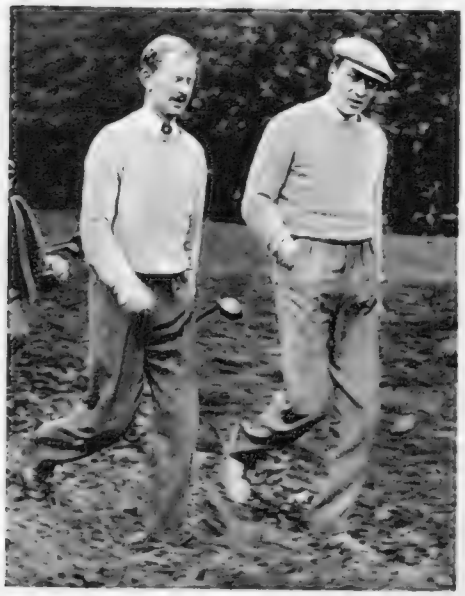
Although it is true that Miss Barton and Francis Francis did win this year the Camberley Heath Mixed Foursomes, I do not think they make a convincing foursome partnership; they were extremely lucky at Camberley to get through the first day's play, and even if Miss Barton had been in full practice, I would not have given a halfpenny for their chance at Worplesdon.

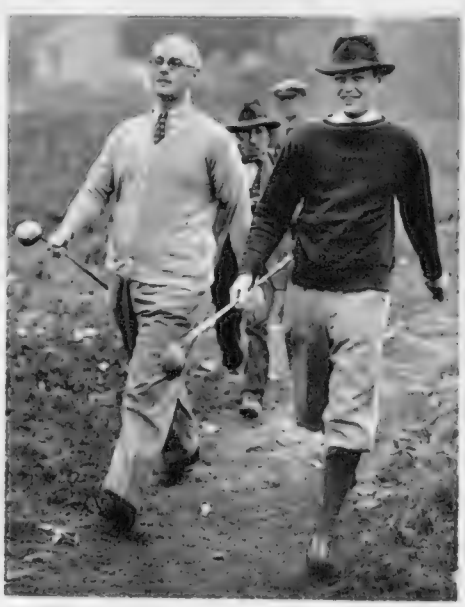
Cambridge Captain and Secretary

Percy Lucas (Pembroke; left), boy champion 1933, member of this year's Walker Cup team, one of the finest left-handed amateurs in the country, Cambridge golf captain, with G. G. D. Carter (Trinity), Cambridge secretary, Lucas's foursomes partner, also a stoic

FUNNY things happen in mixed foursomes, and even funnier at Worplesdon. Lady Eddis has played at Worplesdon for many years, and this year, after her good play in the English Close Championship at Hayling Island, could be reasonably expected to go far with her ex-international partner. Her husband, Sir Basil Eddis, who was in the final of the BYSTANDER Trophy at Felixstowe last year, by hard work had managed to get his handicap reduced to three, which is the maximum handicap with which men can enter for the Worplesdon Foursomes—and very rightly—saw no reason why, as he was accompanying his wife, he should not play himself, and after he had been knocked out, watch her victories.

(*Continued on page viii*)





The Household Brigade G.S.'s Autumn Meeting at Worplesdon

P. W. Marsham, who tied with Anthony Duncan for the scratch medal, and D. E. Dixon. They came second in the bogey foursomes

Col. R. E. K. Leatham and Capt. Greenacre at the fifth tee. Captain Greenacre won the handicap prize with a card of 77 gross, playing from nine

Captain Durham Mathews and A. A. Duncan. Duncan tied for the scratch medal; he and Marsham both returned scores of 74

Golf Clubs at Home : Ifield, Sussex

The Ifield Golf Club is very young—it was opened in 1927—and consequently very up-to-date. As well as the golf course, which lies in the pleasant country of Sir John Drughorn's estate, the Club possesses an eighteen-hole putting green, invaluable for undisturbed practice, four all-weather tennis courts and a very well appointed club-house

(1) Lieut.-Col. R. J. Colson (secretary) and J. G. Griffin. (2) G. B. C. Johnston (handicap committee member), W. S. Duthie (captain) and C. A. Foreshew. (3) Major G. Harrison and C. H. Sawyer (ex-captain). (4) Capt. R. Chigwell and Major Bidwell. (5) F. H. Rivers Kirby and Graham Cunningham. (6) Rear-Adm. Mark Rundle. (7) Capt. C. Cogan and Vernon Smith. (8) E. Guy Pertwee, L. E. O. T. Hart, Edwin Hart, T. O. T. Hart. (9) G. Beckett, Capt. P. H. Dempsey (committee member), Sir John Drughorn, Bt., Gilbert Gardner (committee member) and Dr. R. Mathews

Women's Golf

Round the Counties

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

WE had the most glorious day imaginable for Surrey's autumn meeting, and as it was at Walton Heath, where the wind can blow and the cold bite rather worse than most places in that county, this was a thing for which to be most devoutly thankful. Whatever time of year you go to Walton, the country is delicious; there 's space to see the sky, and a general open-airness which makes it impossible to believe how close you are to London. Actually, there was so little wind that particular day that the local inhabitants declared they did not know the Old Course, and were found lamenting that the new L.G.U. par of 77 would only appear reasonable to visitors, instead of as absurd as they themselves were inclined to think it.

The absurdity, as things turned out, was the scores which headed the returns; three scores under 80 were unheard of; 76 ridiculous, and as for 74, quite fantastic. But such were the sober and truthful facts, with Miss Gourlay handing in 74 with a 1 at the 6th, and Miss Jessie Anderson a 76 with a 7 at the 15th; and Mrs. Peel the third player in the seventies with 79. I suppose you are rubbing your eyes and saying: "Jessie Anderson! How 's Surrey annexed her?"; but the thing is that this meeting has certain prizes open to visitors, including the Coronation Medal, and that was what Miss Anderson walked off with, 76 – 1 = 75. A pretty amazing performance that, if you come to think of it, for there were 157 other starters, with handicaps ranging up to 18, so that the handicap win was quite as much credit as the scratch. Miss Anderson tied with Mrs. Read of Worplesdon, who is 17, but—here is another amazing thing—won on the last nine holes, in spite of her grisly 15, as she had taken the other eight homeward holes in level 4's.

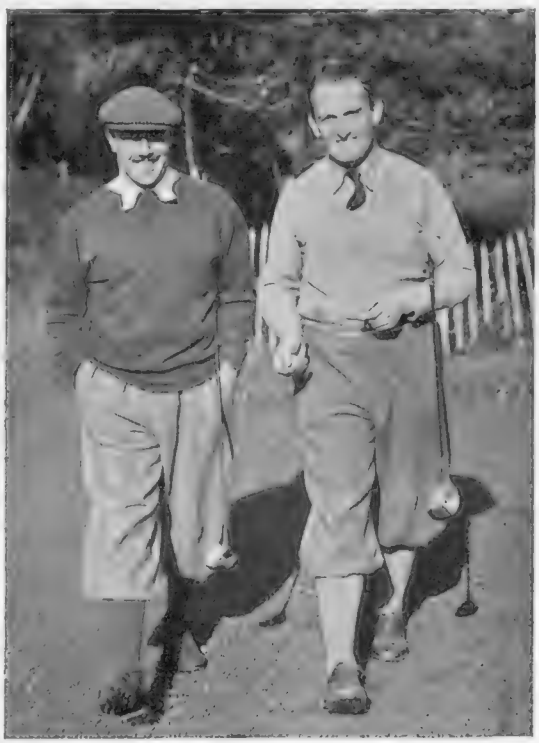
MISS GOURLAY'S 74 was quite amazing. I wish I had seen her tee shot with a No. 5 trickle into the 6th hole; spectators who merely sat in the adjoining summer-house saw it, but not I, tramping round and round. However, there was a great deal of pleasure to be had out of watching Miss Anderson's round. So there was, Miss Smith assured me, in sitting opposite the glorious bouquet, unmistakably the mingling of Mrs. Hewen, in the club-house. I used to think it was the northern club-houses where you must look for flower arranging, but that idea needs revision. So does the one that Walton Heath always win the inter-club shield: this time they tied for second with West Byfleet, and then both were alike pipped by Worplesdon, though Miss Mary Peech had to finish almost in the dark to bring in their last score.

OTHER counties have been busy too. It is always satisfactory if a reigning champion can uphold her dignity and win, and so everybody is delighted that Miss Wanda Morgan carried off chief honours in Kent, with 80 round The Wildernesse, and Miss Dorrit Wilkins did the same in Essex, with 76 at Thorpe Hall, nobody else doing better there than 82. Middlesex at Highgate did not run so true to form, for it was Mrs. Webster who won the scratch and handicap prizes, her gross score being 82, and her net one 71. I have been scratching my head over whether Mrs. Webster is anybody who was anybody, but she isn't so far as I can remember. All the more honour to her. Miss Jean Burles won the Buckinghamshire scratch prize with 81, this being played at Gerrards Cross, and the inter-club scratch award went to Stoke Poges.

IT does not do, even in these specialised days, to sniff at people who play other games. The Croquet-Playing Golfers—or are they the Golfing Croquet Players?—held their annual meeting round Roehampton the other day, and Mrs. S. V. Hicks was round in gross 78, and so nipped off with the scratch prize from under all the male noses, which were probably sniffing superiorly in advance, as play was from men's tees. A great performance that, and do not let it be forgotten that Mrs. Hicks, taking up croquet very temporarily—because the doctor ordered no golf—won the Peel Memorial this year. And that, I would have you know, is one of the most coveted of all croquet trophies of the year. Try a little croquet yourself when you are off your putting. I know that sounds rather like one of the advertisements that blare over the air at you from Normandie, but it 's true. Do try it, if the hail and sleet have not arrived.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.



The Open Meeting for the Branksome Challenge Cup

J. M. Blandy, Mrs. Graham Dottridge, Mrs. C. H. Pearson and Graham Dottridge. Blandy tied with K. Braddon for the best eighteen-holes-scratch of the day. The Branksome Challenge Cup is an annual event played round the Parkstone Club's course; this year's winner, M. R. Gardner, the Army Champion, had seven strokes to spare over the three players who tied second

E. C. Millard, who tied with F. L. Rankin and C. Pretzlik for second place, and M. R. Gardner, who won the cup and broke the record with his 66 in the first round. His second round score brought his aggregate up to 141

OVERHEARD IN THE CITY:

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Aeroplanes and Airports in the News

By Charles Ward

A new London-Paris liner. This is an artist's impression of the replacement type for the Continental routes being built for Imperial Airways by Armstrong's. It will cruise at 160 miles with 4000 horse-power

Air Politics and Engines

SEVERAL facts emerge from the controversy between Lord Nuffield and the Air Ministry, not the least important of which is the time required to develop new types of engine. Although the Wolseley Company had been engaged on research and design for some years, their largest engine had not attained 400 horse-power, which is insufficient for anything but a training machine or in multiples for a medium-powered reconnaissance 'plane. This inability to produce 1000 horse-power, the strength required from a single unit to-day, reflects in no way on the skill of their designer or the manufacturing resources of the Company. It merely emphasises the fact, often stated before, that it takes from 5 to 10 years to put into production an entirely new type of engine that is abreast of those being built by competitors. Once produced, however, a successful engine will sell for ten years with modifications before it need be replaced by something quite new. The Napier Lion, the Jaguar, the Jupiter and the little Cirrus, each enjoyed a decade of popularity. To-day the Bristol series, the Rolls Royce Kestrel and Merlin, and the Gipsy are the engines in most general use, each one having at least ten years' development behind it. The Gipsy is unique in its class, being almost the sole representative at the lower end of the power scale, fitted in practically every type of light 'plane and now coming into use for high-speed mail transport. On the matter of the Shadow Scheme, Lord Nuffield has many supporters who believe that it is unsound to build different parts in seven factories for final assembly somewhere else. If the factory making the pistons is blown up, then the remainder of the parts are wasted until the pistons can be replaced. No doubt the scheme will be modified so that at least two factories are making the same parts, thus spreading the risk of dislocating assembly over a much wider area. If the controversy has been unfortunate in some respects, it has served a good purpose in focussing attention on the engine, which is the heart of the aeroplane and in emphasising that the fewer and the simpler types of engine we have, the better.

London Airport in Danger

THERE was a time when Heston appeared likely to become London's finest airport, with landing runs up to a mile in length and a fast rail-car connection with the centre of the city. But the difficulty of diverting roads, the rapid rise in value

(*Concluded on page* vi)

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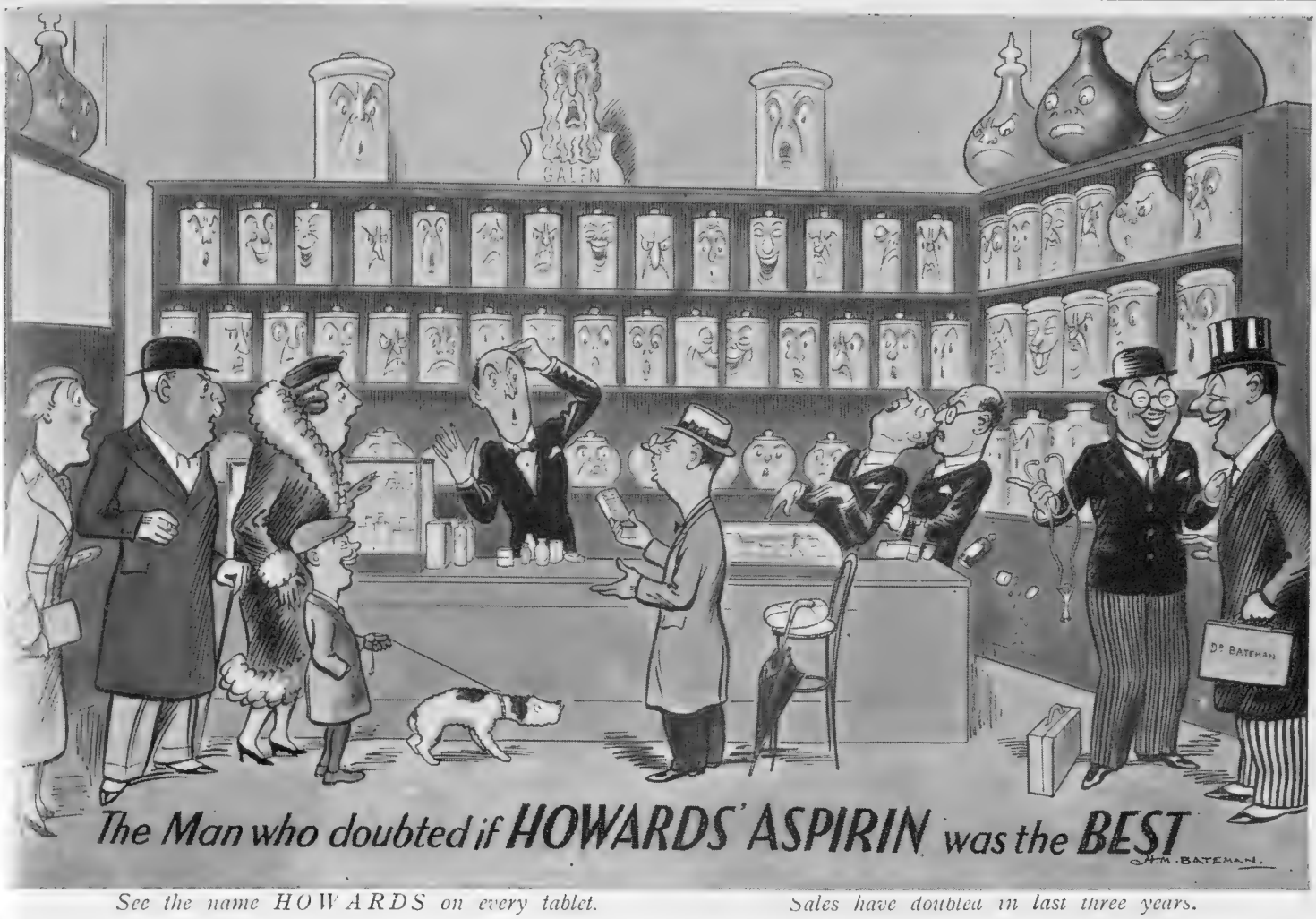

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says CHARLES

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V.155

Aeroplanes and Airports in the News (*Cont. from page* iv)

of the surrounding land, this, in contradiction to the opinion of the pessimists who have always declared that an aerodrome would cause such land values to drop, and our failure to adopt a national policy, if not a municipal one, for the development of air centres, looks like defeating the foresight of the Heston owners. For some time it has been an open secret that Heston's future as a first-class airport was in danger, but one imagined that the Air Ministry would step in at the eleventh hour, using their existing powers or applying for greater ones so that vision could be translated into fact. The eleventh hour and almost its fifty-ninth minute has arrived, but there is no official news of Government intervention. There is enough space at Heston already to make it always valuable as a general flying centre, but its encirclement by houses will rule out the possibility of making it a first-class airport, besides adding to the danger which occupants must always face if they live too close to a boundary, that of a crash in the garden or on the chimney pots. Cricklewood and Stag Lane are extinct. Hendon for the Service and Croydon for the civils can't breathe for houses. Heston has a chance. Will it be made safe for air transport or must it suffer the fate of the others? The only alternative for London or any big city is to build an aerodrome in the country, with green grass all round the boundary for at least half a mile, connecting same to the passenger, freight or mail by tube or overhead railway. This is expensive, requires foresight and courage, and maybe we need a dictator to put it through. Certain it is that the last opportunity to acquire a real airport close to London disappears if Heston is allowed to be hemmed in by the brick-patch.

On and On and Up and Up! The high-flying Bristol monoplane with which the R.A.F. is exploring the stratosphere

On the Never-Never

AEROPLANES like cars, can be bought on the principle that payment is deferred, and there is also the chance of swapping your glider, radio-gram or "frig" in part payment. Bargains range from Drones de Luxe at £65 down, through Fleas at £120 for cash, Comper Swifts at £215, to two-seater sociables at £275 for a wooden Moth, £450 for a Puss Moth, back to £385 for a brand-new Hillson Praga. The owner of a Jubilee Monospar logging 300 hours asks for offers. Is your Stinson ready for Coronation Year? Brian Allen guarantees deliveries for orders placed now at £1995. I can testify to the comfort of a Stinson, having flown quite recently with Leslie Irvin. There 's no need to touch wood when flying with him, for every seat 's a parachute, but very cunningly concealed. The Stinson is American, with seats for five, plenty of space for luggage, lots of power to cruise at 140, dual control, and Players allowed.

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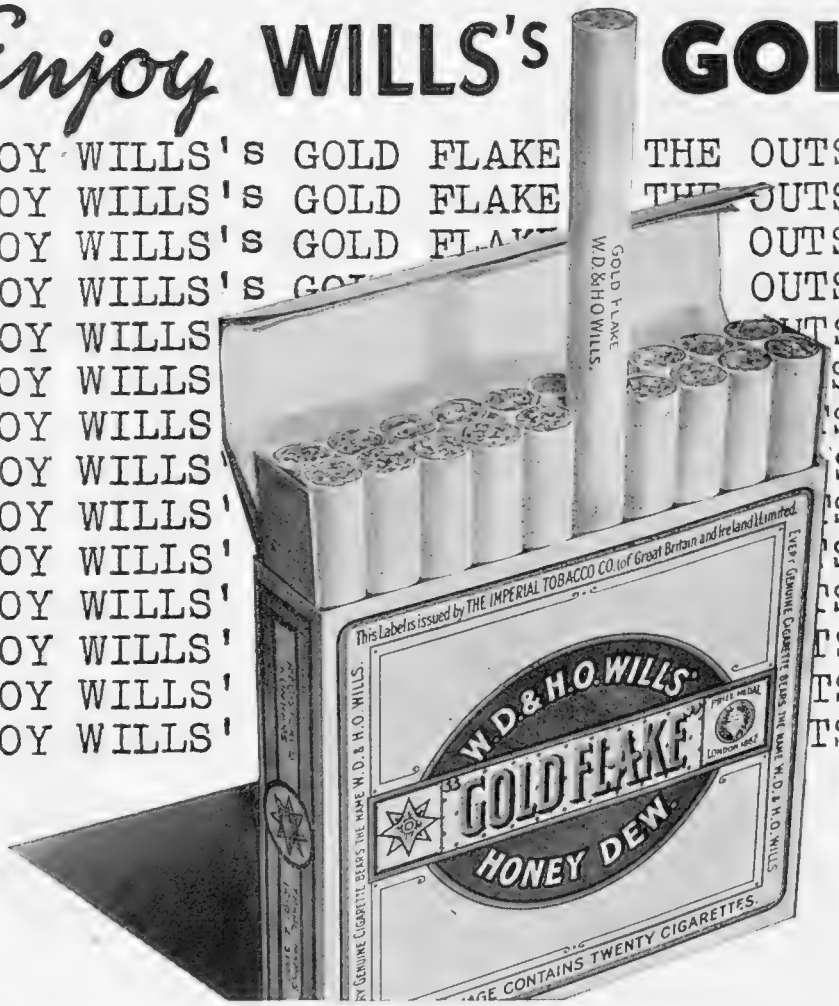

The Outstanding cigarette

What's On

(Continued from page C)

MUSIC

Recitals

LAMOND.—Recitals to celebrate fiftieth anniversary of his first appearance in London: Wigmore Hall, Thurs., 5th, 8.15 (Schumann); Sat., 7th, 3 (Chopin); Tues., 10th, 8.15 (Brahms).

ALEXANDER BOROVSKY.—Master piano recital: Wigmore Hall, Sat., 7th, 3.15.

MARK HAMBOURG.—Only recital this season: Palladium, Sun., 8th, 3.15.

Orchestral

B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.—William Mengelberg conducts, Myra Hess and Paul Beard are soloists, works by Vivaldi, Brahms, and Strauss: Queen's Hall, tonight, 4th, 8.15.

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC.—Adrian Boult conducts, Szigeti is the soloist, works by Bliss, Brahms and Strauss: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 5th, 8.15.

L.S.O.—Herman Abendroth conducts, Suggia is the soloist, works by Schubert, Dvorak and Brahms: Queen's Hall, Fri., 6th, 8.15.

DRESDEN STATE OPERA ORCHESTRA.—Dr. Karl Böhm conducts: Queen's Hall, Sat., 7th, 3.15.

QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA.—Sir Henry Wood conducts, Lamond is the soloist, works by Handel, Debussy, Beethoven, Tchaikowsky: Queen's Hall, Sun., 1st.

COURTAULD-SARGENT.—The Pro Arte and Griller quartets, in works by Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn: Queen's Hall, Mon. and Tues., 9th and 10th, 8.15.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

"SUNDAY TIMES" BOOK EXHIBITION.—Dorland Hall (Regent Street).

Margot Fonteyn

Is one of the leading dancers in the new Vic-Wells ballet, "Nocturne" (choregraphy by Frederick Ashton to Delius's "Paris"), which is being performed for the first time on November 13th at the Ballet Gala at Sadler's Wells in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital

"FORBIDDEN HOUSES."—Anti-slum exhibition at the Housing Centre, 13, Suffolk Street (off Haymarket).

EXHIBITION OF INN SIGNS.—Building Centre, New Bond Street.

SPORT

FRI., 6TH.—Windsor race meeting (two days).

MON., 9TH.—Len Harvey v. Lewis, for world light-heavyweight title: Wembley.

DANCING AND DINING

DORCHESTER.—*Midnight Laughter* is a short and attractive cabaret-revue; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

KEMPINSKI'S.—The German specialities are excellent and inexpensive; other dishes are served; no music.

LONDON CASINO.—The Folies de Femmes cabaret is mammoth, and plays during dinner and supper; Jack Harris makes music (two bands).

MAY FAIR.—Ambrose is back here, and there is always good cabaret: extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES.—Here you eat and talk—there's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

PRUNIER'S.—Fish foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please; the wine list is also excellent; no music.

ODDENINO'S.—The redecorated restaurant has just opened; the brasserie is conversationally Bohemian as usual.

QUAGLINO'S.—There is cabaret at midnight; Van Straten's band plays; you needn't dress for the Grill: extension, Wednesday.

QUINTO'S.—This is new and amusing, and the food and wine are faultless; lunch and dinner only, and Sundays, dinner.

RITZ.—Café chantant cabaret again: Joe Kaye plays for dancing: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—Una Carlisle plays the piano so well; Maurice Winnick's band: extension, Wednesday.

Will you catch a cold this winter?

Most people seem to regard the catching of one or more colds during the winter months as inevitable and unavoidable as paying taxes.

In actual fact many people find they can go right through the winter without a single cold or sore throat, simply by gargling twice daily with Listerine Antiseptic.

The daily use of Listerine Antiseptic is certainly one of the best preventives available and if you adopt this simple routine you add enormously to your resistance and have every chance of achieving complete immunity.

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Modern Aids to Beauty

Her Crowning Glory

CHANGES in fashion call for new styles in hairdressing. At the present moment there is a tendency for curls to rise in keeping with the high-crowned hats which women are wearing this winter. The hair is cut fairly short, and set in loose curls up the back of the head and away from the ears. The actual crown is left smooth and flat. This may sound rather an elaborate coiffure, but it is really quite simple and easy to manage. At night, curls may be small and slightly tighter. Emile, 24, Conduit Street, have a system of permanent waving which is specially adapted for curls. It also has the merit of being quite harmless to the most delicate hair. If the latter is out of condition, however, it is advisable to undergo a course of treatment. A dry scalp is probably one of the most common complaints among women at this time of year, especially if they have indulged in many outdoor sports. The hair becomes lifeless, and tends to split at the ends. For this, Emile recommend oil and hot-air treatment as being wonderfully nourishing and stimulating to the roots. The heat opens the pores and allows the oil to sink right in, when it acts like a tonic in promoting new life and energy.

Daily Brushing and Massage

TREATMENTS according to Emile should be given fairly frequently to begin with, and subsequently every three months or so. They also recommend hard brushing night and morning, always taking care to brush the hair up and not down. This gets rid of any dirt which may have accumulated throughout the day, and stimulates the circulation. In the same way, massage with the finger-tips loosens the scalp and quickens the blood stream. Pulling is also very good for making the hair grow. Just divide it up into small strands and give each one a hard tug. For treating dandruff, Emile have created a special ointment which practically cures in two applications.

Bygone fashions are recalled by this charming evening coiffure of Emile's. The hair is brushed off the ears and rolled into loose, delicate curls which cluster up the back of the head and across the forehead like a cock's comb. Sometimes these are arranged in halo formation, an intriguing fashion which is very becoming to young people with a smooth, unlined brow

The Editor's Box

Christmas Without a Turkey—

—Would be almost as untraditional as Christmas without the products of Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons. This firm of fine art and book publishers celebrates this year its ascendance under four reigns.

Although many of Tuck's productions are non-seasonal, it is at Christmas that the firm comes into its own. Christmas cards and stationery of all conceivable tastes, seals, wrapping and tape, pictures, calendars, and presents are produced—all of the best quality—and distributed not only at home, but in every corner of the Empire.

Compare Tuck's Christmas stationery with others and you will see what we mean and, while in the shop, have a look at their early Coronation productions.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

NOVEMBER

Name { Mrs. / Miss } .....

Address .....

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

(*Continued from page 220*)

Things, however, did not go according to plan as Lady Eddis was defeated in the second round, while Sir Basil did not die until the fifth, when he was beaten by a well-fancied pair, Mrs. E. M. Rhodes and A. T. Kyle, the champions of Yorkshire and, like Sir Basil, newcomers to Worplesdon.

His best brace of scalps were those of Miss Diana Fishwick and Brigadier-General Critchley, who are a very strong and well-tried partnership, which has won the Thion de la Chaume Foursomes, the Worplesdon Foursomes of France, for the last three years. The opposition seemed surprised when Sir Basil holed putts from all corners of the greens; if they had been present at the BYSTANDER meeting at Felixstowe last year, they would have known that for Sir Basil this is normal putting.

If I had to play in a mixed foursomes at Worplesdon and had my choice of playing against Miss Pamela Barton and Francis Francis or Miss Pamela Barton and Sir Basil Eddis, I should certainly choose the former pair, yet in a single on level terms Sir Basil would have little chance against Francis.

IT is extraordinary how often in the Worplesdon Foursomes a pair which does very well one year gets beaten very soon the following year. The Cradock-Hartopps, the holders, this year failed to survive the first round and were beaten in a match in which at one time they appeared to be going comfortably with a winning lead; they were two up after the tenth hole, Miss Mervyn Barton, with the assistance of her caddy, who allowed her ball to hit the pin when holding it on the sixth green, having presented them with this hole. From the eleventh onwards the Cradock-Hartopps made slips at nearly every hole while Kenneth Scott, the Oxford secretary, and Miss Barton played well, and assisted by magnificent second shots at the fourteenth and fifteenth holes won five holes in a row and victory by three and two.

It was only by a hair's-breadth last year that the Cradock-Hartopps were not beaten in the first round, which goes to show, once again, that however well you may play, it is of little avail, unless you also have a bit of luck.

MISS J. ANDERSON, Champion of New Zealand and France and surely shortly to be Champion of Scotland, with Captain G. Hawkins as partner, also had a strange match. After being in the uncomfortable position of three down, her side won eight holes consequently for victory.

Miss Dorothy Pearson and Captain C. G. B. Stevens played extremely well and, after knocking out a very strong couple in Mrs. Garon and E. F. Storey, were decidedly unlucky to be beaten by the Hon. T. Coke and Miss Wethered. At the seventeenth hole Miss Wethered's side was fortunate to see its ball diverted from serious trouble by a spectator, and at the eighteenth Coke's tee shot got an extremely friendly kick, when it looked certain that it would finish in trouble.

At the end of this match Miss Wethered showed, once again, what a great player she is, by producing exceptionally fine shots, with her back to the wall, and finished the match by putting her iron shot, after Coke's lucky tee shot, about three yards from the eighteenth hole, from where her partner gallantly holed the putt for a three and victory.

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A USEFUL TUNIC GOWN in Art-marocain, finished with velvet belt and soft ruche of velvet at neck. The Tunic is buttoned at back. In green, wine, brown, black, and many other shades to order. Price Ready-to-wear or MADE-TO-MEASURE **9½ Gns.**

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INCORPORATING THE INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

November 4 — November 10

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively entertainment from polished acting of a polished plot (by Rodney Ackland). An impecunious family and its Micawber-like hopes have Mary Clare and Peter Godfrey to interpret: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ALL-IN MARRIAGE.—Americo-Canadian comedy with Cora Goffin, Harcourt Williams and Violet Farebrother: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—A thriller of the best type, alive to its last kick; Ralph Richardson, as the amazing doctor in pursuit of psychological data, gets tangled into an amusing bunch of crooks: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play seems a fixture and deserves a second visit to see Harold Warrender as a charming loafer and Lucille Lisle trying to convert him to work: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CHARLES THE KING.—Fine historical piece of a royalist flavour; Barry Jones as the Martyr King, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies as the Queen, George Merritt as Cromwell; lovely décor by Motley: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE COMPOSITE MAN.—Ronald Jeans' light touch and witty dialogue turned to a satire which they almost fit; Richard Bird and Diana Churchill lead convincingly: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE COUNTRY WIFE.—Last three days of Wycherley's comedy, with a wonderful cast, headed by Edith Evans, Ruth Gordon, Ursula Jeans, Ernest Thesiger, Alec Clunes: Old Vic, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

JANE EYRE.—The Brontë novel in Helen Jerome's adaptation makes a fine play; Curigwen Lewis as Jane is beyond praise, Reginald Tate is an impressive Rochester: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MADEMOISELLE.—Madge Titheradge in the name-part is brilliant, set off by skilful acting on the part of Greer Garson, Isabel Jeans, and Cecil Parker in Deval's powerful family character play: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARIGOLD.—Revival of the charming Scottish comedy with Sophie Stewart in the lead, Jean Clyde and Walter Roy: Royalty, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.—Robert Speaight still acts Becket in the T. S. Eliot play, but the settings are new: Duchess, 8.30.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Successful transposition of Jane Austen to the stage, still running well with Celia Johnson, Athole Stewart, and Barbara Everest: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TILL THE COWS COME HOME.—Comedy with a social significance; Leslie Banks as a public man on holiday; also Adrianne Allen, Marjorie Fielding and Marcus Barron: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—This fine play by Mazo de la Roche is about a family dominated by its grand matriarch (Nancy Price); full of humanity: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WILD DUCK.—Ibsen's great tragedy, with Marius Goring, Alan Napier and Ruth Wynn-Owen: Westminster, 8.30.

Singing and Dancing

CARELESS RAPTURE.—Ivor Novello (the author) and Dorothy Dickson head a sprightly cast and vast chorus in a story which adequately holds a succession of grandiose scenes together; also Walter Crisham and Zena Dare: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DESERT SONG.—Revival for a limited period of this fine romantic musical with Edith Day, Clarice Hardwicke and Harry Welchman in their original parts: Coliseum, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

GOING PLACES.—Vivian Ellis's revue goes slow in places, but American June Knight is a great hit, and Arthur Riscoe is good: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LET'S RAISE THE CURTAIN!—Kurt Robitschek's "variety-comedy-revue-opera" has a big cast and a lavish choice of entertainment types: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

O-KAY FOR SOUND.—Riotous revue with plenty of knockabout humour by Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, Nervo and Knox: Palladium, 6.20 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

OVER SHE GOES.—Slapstick to music, with Stanley Lupino, Laddie Cliff and Adèle Dixon to make it go: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 84.—Humour by Ken Douglas, Hal Bryan, Leslie Spurling, Jimmie Bates; toe-dancing by Nanette; stained-glass window ballet, slaves tableau: Windmill, 1.20-11.30.

SWING ALONG.—Louise Browne, Leslie Henson, Fred Emney, and Zelma O'Neal in a musical as funny as *Seeing Stars*; Henson especially in great form: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THIS 'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE.—Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph, and a gaily-coloured chorus lead a no-plot musical with success: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TRANSATLANTIC RHYTHM.—Felix Ferry's big American revue seems to have settled in, with Lupe Velez, Lou Holtz, and the sprightly Buck and Bubbles: Adelphi, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO BOUQUETS.—Gay romping piece which pokes gentle fun at Victoriana; music and scenery delightful, Gertrude Musgrove and George Benson stand out in a strong cast: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AREN'T MEN BEASTS!—Straightforward comedy with honest-to-goodness laughs reliant on a situation rather than wit; Robertson Hare is a dentist; Alfred Drayton and John Mills back him in fun-making: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play is the longest unbroken runner in town, with clever acting by Owen Nares and Fay Compton in a St. John's Wood family-life comedy: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Big-size thriller, generous in cast and effects; Gordon Harker and Jack Hawkins lead; well entrenched at the Prince's: 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LAUGHTER IN COURT.—Ridiculous plot does not put any strain on the witty dialogue which is unrolled to perfection by Yvonne Arnaud, Ronald Squire and Edmund Breon: Shaftesbury, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Emlyn Williams' gruesome character play, with a new cast (Esmond Knight, Vivienne Bennett, and Charles Mortimer), is at the Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Franck and Bridie's cheerful satire on Scottish officialdom deserves its long run; don't miss Sara Allgood or Roger Livesey at the head of an amusing cast: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

PARNELL.—Elsie Schauffler's biographical play, unbanned, has Margaret Rawlings and Wyndham Goldie to lead: New, to-night, 4th.

THE KING AND MISTRESS SHORE.—Clifford Bax's historical; Gyles Isham as Edward IV., Joan Maude as his mistress, Jane Shore: Little, Thurs., 5th.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Comedy in the house of a French crammer; Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, and Jessica Tandy: Criterion, Fri., 6th.

MUTED STRINGS.—About Beethoven's passion for la Guicciardi; Keneth Kent as the composer, Violet Vanbrugh, Jane Baxter: Daly's, Tues., 10th.

AS YOU LIKE IT.—Edith Evans as Rosalind, Edna Best as Celia, William Devlin as the Duke; Molly McArthur settings: Old Vic, Tues., 10th.

CINEMAS

THE AMAZING QUEST OF ERNEST BLISS (American).—A Phillips Oppenheim story with Cary Grant and Mary Brian: New Gallery.

THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1937 (American).—Centres, of course, round a radio station; Leopold Stokowski and his orchestra, Benny Goodman and his band, Jack Benny, Gracie Allen: Plaza.

CRIME OVER LONDON (British).—Gangsters come to town: Rene Ray and Bruce Lister get involved, also Paul Cavanagh and Margot Graham: London Pavilion.

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN (American).—See him (Gary Cooper) before he leaves, at the Rialto.

DODSWORTH (American).—Fine acting by Walter Huston as a home-spun American in Europe; Ruth Chatterton his would-be-socialite wife: Tivoli.

THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN (American).—Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll together for the first time in a Chinese bandit thriller: Carlton.

THE GREAT ZIEGFELD (American).—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's giant biographical spectacle stars William Powell, Myrna Loy and Luise Rainer, and is lavish to suffocation: Hippodrome, 2.15 and 8.15.

MAYERLING (French).—Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux in an effective version of the tragedy of Rudolph of Austria: Curzon.

POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL (American).—Shirley Temple is the name: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE ROAD TO GLORY (American).—War tale with Fredric March, Lionel Barrymore, Warner Baxter, June Lang: Empire.

ROMEO AND JULIET (American).—Magnificent production by Thalberg; Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard, miscast as the lovers, act splendidly; John Barrymore makes a fine Mercutio: His Majesty's, 2.30 and 8.30.

SWING TIME (American).—The newest Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers; plot less than ever but dancing and music fine: Regal.

THE THREE MAXIMS (British).—Circus-life film with flying trapeze thrills and triangle by Leslie Banks, Tullio Carminati and Anna Neagle: Leicester Square.

Premiere

FREDLÖS (Swedish).—Unique ice and snow exteriors on the Russo-Finnish frontier; story of barbarous Czarist governor: Academy, Mon., 9th.

OPERA

DRESDEN STATE OPERA AND ORCHESTRA, COVENT GARDEN:

DON JUAN.—To-night, 4th, 7.45.
FIGARO.—Thurs., 5th, 8.
ARIADNE AUF NAXOS.—Fri., 6th, 8.30.
TRISTAN AND ISOLDE.—Mon., 9th, 6.30.
DER ROSENKAVALIER.—Tues., 10th, 7.

SADLER'S WELLS:

LA BOHÈME.—Wed., 4th, 8.
DIE FLEDERMAUS.—Thurs., 5th, 8.
AIDA.—Fri., 6th, 7.45.
CARMEN.—Sat., 7th, 8.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

COPPELIA, THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.—Sat., 7th, 2.30.

PROMETHEUS (first and gala performance), BLUE BIRD, FAÇADE.—Tues., 10th, 8.30.

(*Music, Exhibitions, Sport and Dancing on page* vii)

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Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Maitland-Makgill-Crichton — Paton

Douglas Maitland-Makgill-Crichton, only son of the late Major Maitland-Makgill-Crichton, Gordon Highlanders, married Sybil Paton, at St. Mary's, Newent, Glos. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Paton and a niece of Col. Chevenix-Trench. They are honeymooning in Madeira

Girdwood — Darwell

Rhonald Girdwood and Diana Darwell were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. He is the elder son of Maj.-Gen. Sir Eric Girdwood and the late Mrs. Girdwood, of Malvern Lodge, Chew Magna, Somerset; she is the only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. George Darwell, of Helme Bank, Oxenholme, Westmorland

de Moleyns — Gaunt

Frederick Arthur de Moleyns, son of the late Hon. John de Moleyns and Mrs. de Moleyns, of 66, Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7, and Sheila Gaunt, daughter of Admiral Sir Ernest Gaunt and the late Lady Gaunt, were married at Brompton Oratory

Grey — Weld-Blundell

Paul Francis Grey and Agnes Weld-Blundell were married at Brompton Oratory. Mr. Grey is the son of the late Col. Arthur Grey and Mrs. Grey, of 28, Tregunter Road, S.W. The bride is the daughter of the late R. S. Weld-Blundell and Mrs. Noyes, of Lisle Combe, St. Lawrence, I.O.W.

Fayer of Vienna

Brodie — Davidson

At St. Michael's, Chester Square, D. J. Brodie, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, eldest son of the late Capt. Ewen Brodie and the Hon. Mrs. Ian Campbell, married Diana Davidson, only child of Major-General Sir John and Lady Davidson, of Kinchurdy, Boat-of-Garten, Inverness-shire

Barnett — Churchman

Peter William Barnett, second son of the late E. G. Barnett and Mrs. Barnett, of Halton, Corbridge-on-Tyne, Northumberland, married Lord Woodbridge's only daughter, the Hon. Vera Churchman, at All Saints', Sproughton, Suffolk. Lord Woodbridge lives at Abbey Oaks, Sproughton

Sheffield — Nicoll

John Sheffield, R.H.A., younger son of Major and Mrs. W. F. Sheffield, of Loxwood, Sussex, and Mary Patience Nicoll, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Vere Nicoll, of Lindsay House, Chelsea, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Fayer of Vienna

Mr. Fishburn and Miss Stephenson

John Eskdale Fishburn, of 142, Piccadilly, and Violet (Bunting) Stephenson, have announced their engagement. She is the youngest daughter of the late Cecil Stephenson and Mrs. Stephenson, of 37, Sydney Street, S.W.3

Elliott and Fry

Mr. W. F. H. Kempster and Miss Cock

Walter Francis Herbert Kempster, only son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. H. W. Kempster, of 130, Queen's Gate, S.W., is engaged to Audrey Margaret Cock, youngest daughter of the late James Harold Cock and Mrs. Cock, of Cruckton Hall, Shrewsbury, Salop.

Daglish — Stephen

William Alan Daglish, son of Dr. and Mrs. W. R. D. Daglish, of Saltburn, Yorks., married Cicely Dixon Stephen at St. Mary-le-Strand. She is the younger daughter of the late Dr. W. Stephen and Mrs. Stephen, of 62a, Philbeach Gardens, S.W.

Muir — Dundas

John Barling Muir, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Finlay Muir, of Braco Castle, Perthshire, and Elizabeth Dundas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Dundas, of Dale Cottage, Cawthorne, were married at Cawthorne

Heyman — Bleackley

Archibald Heyman, only son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. C. H. C. Heyman, of Arlington, Weybridge, and Aline Bleackley, only daughter of the late Horace Bleackley and Mrs. Bleackley, of 29, Kensington Square, W., were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Nelson — Sarhl

John Dudley Nelson, R.A.F., second son of Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Nelson, of Wellington, N.Z., and Sybil Georgina Gratwick Sarll, eldest daughter of Capt. P. W. H. Sarhl and Baroness Sarhl, of 45, Gunterstone Road, W.14, were married at the Savoy Chapel, Strand

Guimbeau — North

Georges Guimbeau, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Guimbeau, of Forest Side, Mauritius, and Diana Isobel North, youngest daughter of Sir Harry North and the late Lady North, of 10, Trevor Street, Knightsbridge, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place

Alpin — Frizell

At the Chapel of the Savoy, Strand, Patrick Alpin, only son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. W. Alpin, of Richmond, Surrey, married Janet Frizell, only child of Brigadier-General and Mrs. C. W. Frizell, of Viceroy Lodge, Kingway, Hove

Getting Married

(continued)

Kay Vaughan

Peggy Gapp

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gapp, of Westwood, Purley, and is engaged to Eric Starling, son of Mr. Laurence Starling, of 136, Gloucester Place, W.

Stuart Hamilton

Rita Berens

Is the younger daughter of the late Cecil Berens and Mrs. Berens, of Kevington, St. Mary Cray, Kent; she is engaged to George Edward Brian Brazier-Creagh, of Stock Lodge, Ingatestone, Essex

Pearl Freeman

Theodora Instone

Is the daughter of Sir Samuel and Lady Instone, of Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park, and is engaged to Ronald Straus, son of the late H. Straus and Mrs. Straus, of Rosslyn House, Grove End Road, N.W.

Pearl Freeman

Christian Campbell-Colquhoun

Is the eldest daughter of Capt. and Mrs. A. J. Campbell-Colquhoun, of Garscadden and Killermont and Ballaig, Crieff, and is engaged to Alexander Burdon-Cooper, second son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Burdon-Cooper, of 12, The Circus, Bath

Lenare

Susan Stella Tufton

Is the only daughter of the late Hon. Charles Tufton and Mrs. Tufton, of 33, Albert Rd., N.W.8, she is engaged to Thomas Alexander Hamilton Coltman, R.A., elder son of Maj. and Mrs. Coltman, of Daljarrock, Ayrshire

Lenare

Pamela Rosemary Blake

Is the eldest daughter of the late Com. Reginald Blake, and Lady Twysden, of Nea House, Highcliffe, Hants., and is engaged to Leslie Beuttler, only son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. V. O. Beuttler, of Amiens House, Bulford, Salisbury

Lenare

Blanche Dickson

Is engaged to Richard Thomas Vaughan, elder son of the late T. H. Vaughan and Mrs. Vaughan, of Caversham Hill, Reading; she is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Axel Dickson, of Bury's Bank, Greenham, Newbury

Bassano

Diana Bilbrough

Announces her engagement to Lt. Frank Nicholls Elliott, R.N., only son of Rr.-Adm. and Mrs. Frank Elliott, of Kilnocks Cottage, Botley; she is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. S. Bilbrough, of Moonhills, Beaulieu

Lenare

Joan Snow

Has announced her engagement to Lancelot Hawkins, eldest son of Mr. and the late Mrs. L. G. Hawkins, of West Bilne Hall, Norfolk; she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Snow, of 39, Pembroke Square, W.8

Lenare

Sheila Mary Hudson

Is the only daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. T. R. C. Hudson, of Pyle Hill, Newbury, and is engaged to John William Tweedie, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, eldest son of the late Col. W. Tweedie and Mrs. Tweedie, of Beechwood, Dunblane

Elliott and Fry

Elizabeth Sterndale-Bennett

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sterndale-Bennett, of Uppingham, Rutland, and is engaged to Sven Boström, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Boström, of Saltsjöbaden, Sweden

Douglas

Isabel Valerie Jameson

Is the daughter of Lt.-Com. and Mrs. A. G. Jameson, of 6, Campden Mansions, W.8; she is engaged to John V. B. Jervis-Read, R.E., son of Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Jervis-Read, of 102, Redcliffe Gardens, S.W.10

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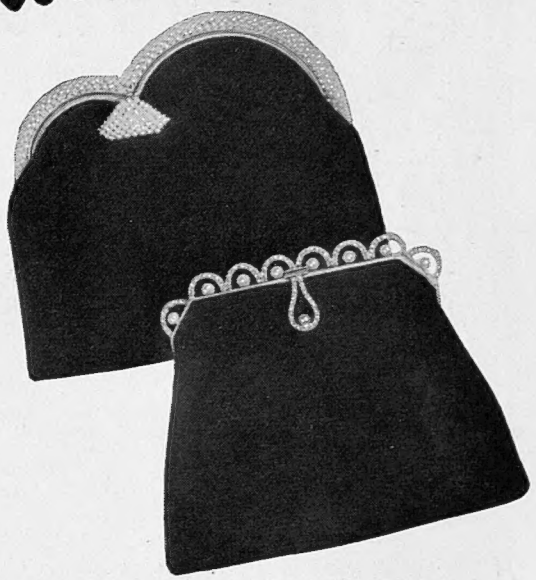
Black Velvet



Exquisite contrast this—black velvet and art. pearls. We chose it for Handbags with enormous success. Three slightly different shapes, all satin lined and fitted with a mirror and purse of course! The bag at the top is 65/6, its companion, 54/6; and the bag below — perhaps the loveliest of them all—is 95/6.

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